Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXX No. 38 SEPTEMBER 20, 194- FIFTEEN CENTS

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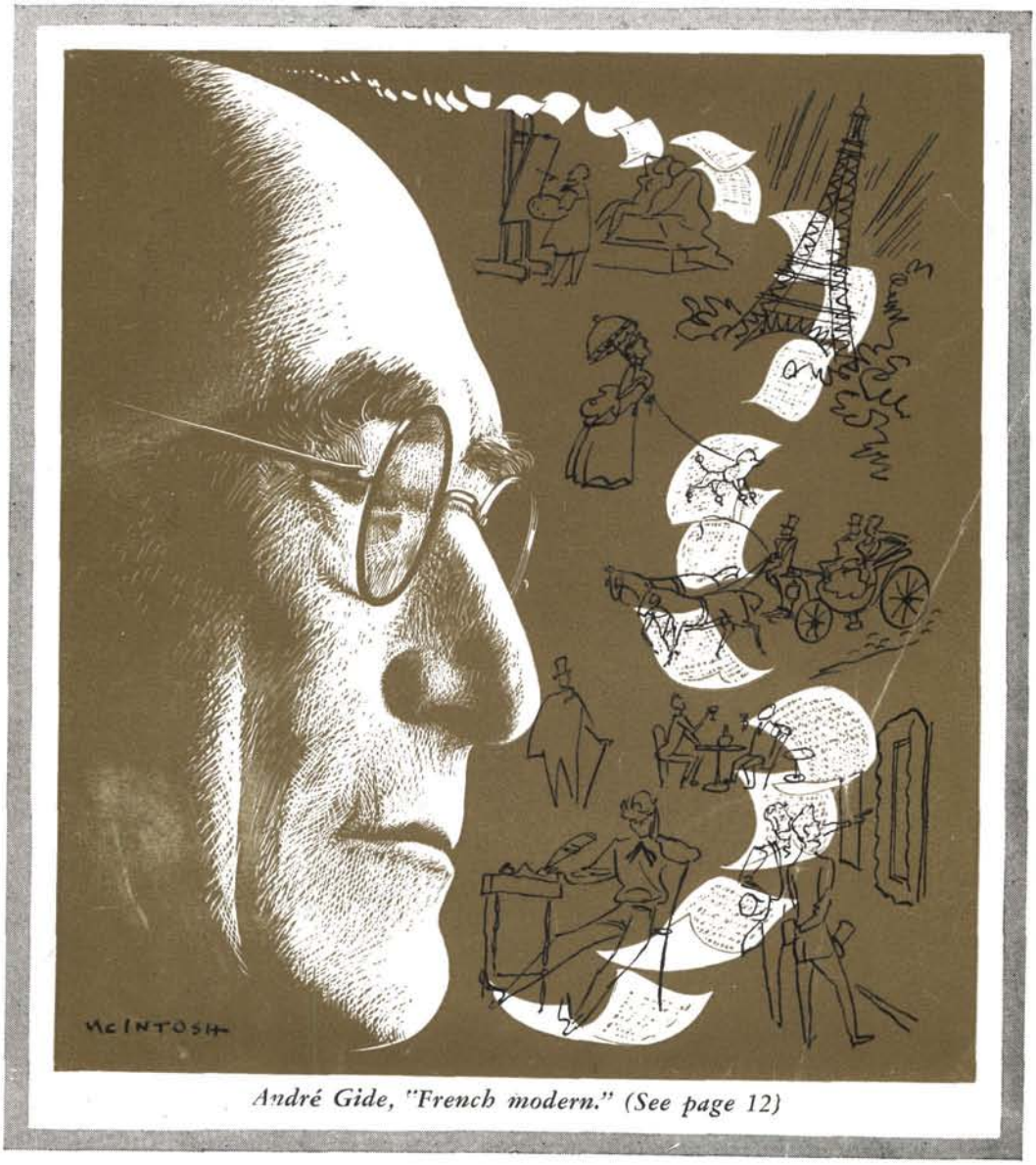

André Gide, "French modern." *(See page 12)*

The Great Audience Is Ready

By CONRAD AIKEN

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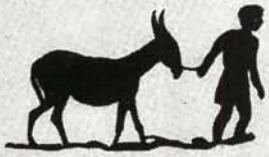

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September 20, 1947

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 38, September 20, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

PLANE PASSENGERS passing through LaGuardia Airport in the past couple of months have noticed that practically everything new has been added. The loading and transportation service has improved, concessionaires have ceased closing down at the precise moment customers have arrived to eat, drink, or even buy a good book, and visitors from abroad actually have been known to clear customs, observe other necessary formalities, and be on their way to the Waldorf inside of six hours. The reason is simple: The Port of New York Authority has arrived upon the scene, and the situation is well in hand.

The Port of New York Authority is one of the crowning achievements of the late Governor Alfred E. Smith. Under his prodding, and with the cooperation of Governor Edge of New Jersey, President Harding approved the Authority in 1921 to end for all time the interstate bickerings over pier privileges, transportation, car floats, and lighterage that were retarding further development of the nation's busiest harbor. To keep the new setup out of the hands of political hacks and plunderers, it was ordained wisely that no members of the Authority were to receive one penny of pay. Today such men as Chairman Howard Cullman, S. Sloan Colt (President of the Bankers Trust Company), Arthur Walsh (Executive Vice President of Thomas A. Edison, Inc.), Bayard F. Pope (Vice Chairman of Marine Midland Trust), and Donald Lowe (President of the Lowe Paper Company) are giving their time and their energies gratis to the constant improvement of the port district. They offer an object lesson in how two neighboring states can pool resources to the benefit not only of themselves, but the entire country. The publishing industry, centered so largely in the New York area, has particular cause to be grateful to the Port Authority for services rendered.

The Holland Tunnel, begun before the Authority came into existence, was the first major enterprise entrusted to its care. On its own, the Authority built the George Washington Bridge across the Hudson, and the Bayonne, Outerbridge, and Goethals bridges down the bay. Then came the Lincoln Tunnel. In 1946, more than forty-one million vehicles used the various facilities of the Authority. In 1932, the Port Authority Building, occupying the entire square block between 15th and 16th Streets and Eighth and Ninth Avenues, was completed. Now under construction are the two biggest truck terminals in the world—one in Manhattan, one in Newark—and a Union Bus Terminal at 40th Street and Eighth Avenue. When these structures are opened in 1948, some of New York's most pressing traffic problems will have been solved. Under present conditions, it sometimes takes five hours to move a truckload of books from Newark to an unloading point in midtown Manhattan.

"If you don't come up here this minute I'm coming down there after you."

WITH THE ACQUISITION of New York's airports—La Guardia, Idlewild, Floyd Bennett, and Newark—the Port Authority's importance to the community has increased a hundredfold. Politicians were reluctant to relinquish such a juicy plum, but the Authority's solid record of achievement could not be ignored. The Idlewild project is so enormous that it staggers the imagination. It will occupy a huge tract of filled-in land on Jamaica Bay, and, when completed in 1948, will give employment to over 60,000 people. Only thirty per cent of its income is expected to come from the airlines in landing and hangar fees; the balance will come from the concessions—hotels, restaurants, theatres, and the like. It will be, in effect, a permanent World's Fair.

The Authority accomplished its first objective at Idlewild when it settled a jurisdictional fight over the laying of 400 feet of telephone wire that had been raging for two years. Another necessary step will be the planting of hundreds of acres of beach grass to anchor the sand. Today the tract looks like a setting for "Beau Geste," and the swirling sand would do untold damage to the delicate mechanism of modern aircraft. . . .

THE PORT AUTHORITY has had its embarrassing moments, caused principally by the efforts of an expert and high-powered publicity corps. There was the occasion, for instance, when, several years back, reporters and newsreel men were summoned to the Jersey City end of the Holland Tunnel to see a demonstration of a new machine guaranteed to extinguish fires in the tunnel in thirty seconds flat. An old jalopy was soaked with kerosene, and Chairman Cullman, resplendent in frock coat and wing collar, stood ready with a hose in one hand and a six-page speech in the other. The blaze was ignited. "Action!" cried the camera men. Cullman turned on the hose.

Unfortunately, the Jersey City water department had chosen this exact moment to turn off the pressure and repair a leak. While the camera men clicked blissfully, the jalopy burned to a cinder, and the apoplectic Cullman, still clutching the nozzle of

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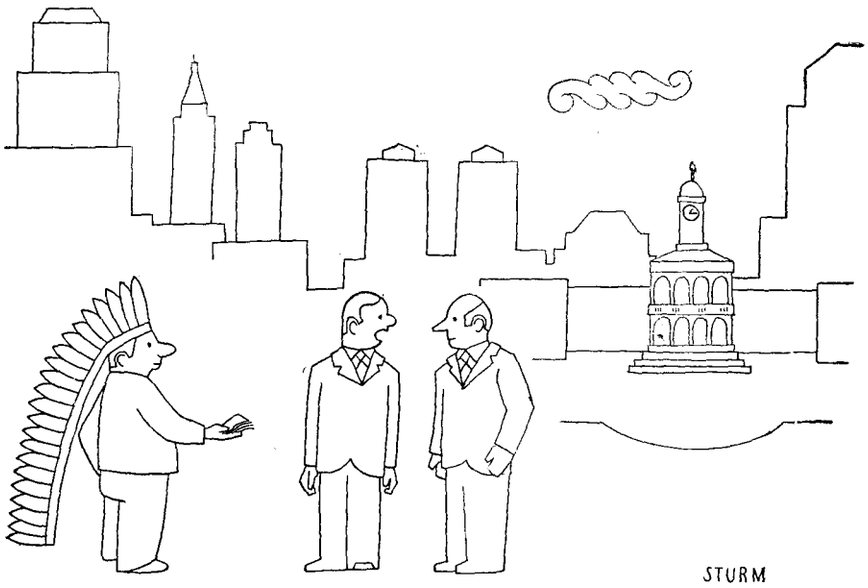

"He's offering to buy it back for twice what we paid for it."

his hose, turned to Mayor Hague and bellowed, "What is the meaning of this outrage?" The Mayor was about to offer a rebuttal, when the water suddenly was turned on, catching the good Mayor squarely in the kisser. The newsreel men reluctantly surrendered the negatives after considerable sums of hush money changed hands. . . .

A comparable crisis occurred on Navy Day, when an elaborate ceremony was arranged to take place on the George Washington Bridge, just as President Truman's yacht steamed underneath. For the occasion, Annin and Company produced the biggest American flag of all time. It stretched clear across the roadway of the bridge, and was guaranteed to withstand a "sixty-mile gale." Somebody miscalculated sadly, however, because, an hour or so before the ceremony, a gentle zephyr blew upstream, and, with a ripping sound, the flag took off from its moorings and disappeared in the general direction of Wappingers Falls. Lawrence Tibbett sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" anyhow, Ray Massey hastily substituted an editorial from *The New York Times* for the speech he had prepared on Old Glory, and Chairman Cullman eased the tension to a certain degree by assuring everybody that the flag had been fully insured. . . .

ANOTHER TIME, the Authority's undaunted publicity staff decided to lavish its attention on the driver of the hundred millionth car to trundle up to the toll gate of the Holland Tunnel. The awards included photographs, front-page stories, and enough assorted baubles to furnish a four-room apartment. With the Authority's customary hard luck, however, the hundred millionth driver turned out to be a peroxide blonde who was planning a clandestine visit to the wicked city and who blanched with terror at the prospect of all the publicity. "My husband'll murder me," she moaned, and then added hopefully, "He'll murder you, too." The committee hastily decided it had miscounted, and bestowed its largess on the driver of a five-ton truck, who took it in stride. . . .

THE MOST RECENT HERO of the Port Authority is Special Officer Gilhooley of the George Washington Bridge force. Gilhooley aspired to promotion, but was stymied by a lamentable weakness in mathematics. He had just flunked the test for the fourth time, and was brooding in the ticket booth at the Jersey end of the bridge, when a car drove up, and a gentleman with bushy white hair tendered a five-dollar bill and asked for change. Officer Gilhooley recognized him instantly, and said bitterly, "Dr. Einstein, hey? If I only coulda had you with me yesterday when I took that math test, I'd be a sergeant this very minute!" . . .

WHEN I SENT this piece to Mrs. Lee K. Jaffe, director of public relations of the Port of New York Authority, to see if I had gotten my principal facts straight, she pointed out, "You forgot to mention the Gowanus Grain Terminal, which the State of New York transferred to us in 1945." "What's a grain terminal got to do with the Port Authority?" I scoffed. "What's a piece on the Port Authority got to do with *The Saturday Review of Literature*?" she countered.

She had me there.

BENNETT CERF.

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MANUSCRIPT TO BOOK

ONE of our editors says that he has day-mares about people writing books. He says that sometimes, if he stops whatever he is doing and listens real hard, he thinks he can hear the tap-tap-tap of typewriters all over the world, the sound of manuscripts being typed, and that sooner or later all of them will land on his desk. This sort of hallucination is most likely to occur, he says, just before Sales Conference, or the week before he goes on vacation, or when he has been to a big cocktail party and, his will numbed by martinis, has promised five different people he will read their manuscripts, all by Tuesday at the latest. Our ear is not as acute as his, but we think we know what he means. Despite the fact that only about 3% (we made up that figure out of whole buckram, so please don't write us any letters about it) of all manuscripts submitted ever get published, and in spite of the famous injunction of the Western Union Company,* people seem to keep on writing, all over the country, from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Towanda, Pa., on subjects ranging from the state of the Union to the biological urge. Not all of these manuscripts land on our desks, of course, but some of the good ones do, along with quite a few others which we decide had perhaps better be published by some other house.

Every now and then laymen ask us questions like "What the hell does an editor *do* in a publishing house?" or "Just how does a manuscript become a book?" The first question we try to evade, out of simple modesty, and the second is our text for today.

Let's say the manuscript has been accepted, the terms agreed upon, and the Author has taken his advance and gone to Bermuda. The manuscript which arrived so fresh, so cleanly typed in its typewriter-paper box, has already begun its metamorphosis. Passages here and there have been ruthlessly checked by the editor's pencil, the third and fourth consecutive adjectives have been deleted, the title perhaps changed and the temperature perceptibly lowered in the scene in which the heroine invites the hero to stop by her apartment for a whiskey-and-sofa. Even the pages have lost their whiteness, stained by sweat from the editor's brow and a little blood from the Author's heart. If the story stems closely from the Author's experience, it has gone to our lawyers, who have read it through a fine-tooth comb, and have caused Mr. Black's name to be changed to Mr. White, and the angular spinster to become a fat lady with five children. The words have been counted, the printer alerted, and a tentative pub-date* set. The period of gestation has begun. It is now given to one of two hawk-eyed young women, collateral descendants of Noah Webster, for Copy-Editing. The sworn enemies of misspellings, inconsistencies, anachronisms and the stale cliché, they hover like surgeons over the Body of Art; using mystical symbols, they denote paragraphs, typographical errors, italicized passages, fine points of capitalization and the complexities of punctuation. They both got A's in Spelling and English Lit. and they keep Holt's grammar pure.

Downstairs, below them, waits a quiet man with a neat black moustache, who works from a colorful palette of type. As a woman can look at a pattern and see a gown, so can he gaze at a manuscript and visualize a book. He reads the manuscripts, muttering words like "Garamond," "Granjon," or "Electra," his mind a-quiver like a pointer's nose. It is his task to translate the style, the mood of the pages into type and title-page; he is a man of serifs and picas, for whom a sixteenth of an inch one way or another can spell perfection or failure. In his hands, the manuscript enters the phase of visual æsthetics.

When he is finished a man comes on a motorcycle, to whisk it way to the printers, in another town. He never reads what he carries, so far as we can find out, because of the wind, perhaps, and the way he must speed through traffic, or maybe he wouldn't be interested anyway. The linotypers now take it, without perceptible eagerness, and begin clicking away. They are among the best-read men in the country, because of their work, and we have long been planning to poll them, to get their slant on Trends in Contemporary Literature. Swiftly, character by character, word by word, the manuscript becomes bright metal.

The next time we see the man on the motorcycle he is bringing us galleys — long strips of paper on which the Author's paragraphs are laid end-to-end. Back at the printers the proof-readers have made little marks in green ink: question-marks like raised eyebrows, abrupt deletion symbols shaped like a hangman's noose. The two young women who got all A's in Spelling bend over the galleys with sharpened eyes and pencils, correcting, conjecturing, occasionally finding something the proof-readers missed. Two sets of galleys are sent to the Author in Bermuda or Bank Street or Connecticut or Central Park—wherever it is that Authors go between books—for the Final Word from the horse's mouth. We wait, hoping that he won't, at this time, decide to re-write the book in the galley-margins. Then comes the man on the motorcycle again, to take the galleys back to be cut into pages; and when we see them again the manuscript, now almost a Book, is in Foundry, the pages all spread out on a big sheet of paper with broad, black lines between them, like a book lying spraddled out on its stomach. It is given a last, wild look-over, we cross our fingers, and the man on the motorcycle, his burden grown lighter with each journey, speeds it back through the down-town traffic. The machines at the bindery grumble and clatter, glueing, stitching, squeezing and cutting, like great, deft dressmakers, fitting the sleek cloth to each volume.

This goes on all the time in our world, along with a lot of other things. And then one day, always a fine day for us, a perky young woman who lives in Brooklyn and likes it, comes up to our desk, smiling, and puts on it a brand-new copy of The Book. We feel of its binding, we open it tenderly, we read the words, once so familiar, now suddenly fresh and exciting again in the

dignity of type, and we feel very good; and we decide that publishing is very nice work, if you can get it.

*"Don't Write—Telegraph!"

*Publication date, not a rendezvous in a saloon.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Great Audience Is Ready

CONRAD AIKEN

—*Eva Hermann.*
Conrad Aiken

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last week, Louis Bromfield wrote out a diagnosis of a sick literary America. Mr. Bromfield pointed to the lush historical novel, to mediocre writing, to the fact that the news was infinitely more exciting than fiction, and to intellectual fatigue, as both the symptoms and causes of what he called "literary sickness." This week, Conrad Aiken, Pulitzer Prize poet and author of "Brownstone Eclogues" and "The Soldier," contributes to* SRL's *continuing diagnostic symposium by analyzing another aspect of the problem.*

I SUPPOSE it is true beyond question that never before in history has there been a time or place when the average writer was so materially prosperous as he is now in America. Opportunity is not merely abundant—it might almost be said to be overwhelming. The list of publishing houses grows every day; it is innumerable, but even so it cannot keep up with the appetite of a reading public which grows still faster; and in this situation the demand for new authors far exceeds the supply.

The author thus finds himself in the enviable position of being actually courted by the publisher: editors vie with one another to add his name to their lists: they even on occasion have been known to dangle huge sums of money before him, to be paid in advance for a book as yet unwritten, an idea that is still embryonic. Nor is this state of things limited solely to the realm of fiction. It is just as true of biography and history, of the humorous book and the anthology—it can even at times embrace literary criticism and philosophy.

And what is more, the publisher even stands ready to help the neophyte or amateur writer. American publishers pride themselves nowadays on their ability to take an unfinished or only partly successful manuscript and out of this raw material, with the aid of highly skilled editors and rewrite experts, coin the pure gold of a best seller. They have in a sense become literary factories, with a somewhat ominous assumption of authority: and of this rather mischievous influence on American writing we shall no doubt be hearing much more. But the point is that, along with the sale of cinema rights to Hollywood, or possible sale to any of the growing number of book clubs, or again to the publishing houses which specialize in cheap reprints, it is all part of the highly developed commercialization of writing which makes it nowadays an inviting and easy occupation. It is becoming only too apparent that almost anyone—with the publisher's assistance—can write a book and make money out of it.

In fact, it is *too* easy; and what results from this extraordinary situation is a kind of literary jungle. The proliferation of books, on the one hand, and of money, on the other, is gratifyingly exuberant, no doubt, but as in any other jungle it is more often the biggest than the best that gets to the top. The reasons for this are clear enough. The first and most important is the lack of any sufficient body of first-rate criticism. I do not mean by this that there is no first-rate criticism at all in America—there is. But it is very limited in quantity, and unfortunately it is almost entirely confined to the pages of very small avant-garde periodicals of whose very existence the great reading public is unaware. These excellent critics not only therefore have no influence whatever, but they also naturally tend to become specialized — they write for each other, and for a handful of readers, and tend to ignore altogether the great muddy main stream of contemporary writing.

Their names do occasionally creep into the enormous commercial weeklies, but the editing of these papers is so capricious, and so wholly without any consistent and discriminating standards of esthetic or historical judgment, and so often subservient to the momentary necessities of mere journalism or advertising, that the true voice of criticism is hardly heard. The topical or popularly successful book must be given pride of place, even if it is commonplace, and reviewed by a second-rate or third-rate journalist-critic. The downright bad book, which does not deserve to be reviewed at all, will be allowed to crowd out a good book, merely because the publishers are spending a fortune in advertising it. In fact it must be admitted that these two reviews, which, with their huge

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circulations, are the most influential in America, make scarcely any attempt to guide and instruct the public taste: they merely follow it. Tacitly, at least, they appear to agree with the commercial publisher that you must give the public what it wants.

And of course, therefore, in this jungle, it is ordinarily the second-best that makes its way to the top of the "best-seller" list, or, if it happens to be a book by a really good writer, the probability is that it will not be his best work. The emphasis is on the showy, the spectacular, the sensational, rather than on the quietly reflective; on the quotidian rather than the profound. The writer must be a good showman, if he is to be financially successful, and he must keep half an eye on the public. This is not an ideal situation, granted. It means that even the best of contemporary American writers is constantly faced with the temptation to compromise a little, for the vast rewards that are thus made easily available to him. It means again that the best of these, in turn—the quietest and truest of our poets and critics—will not compromise at all, or cannot, which is the same thing, and must therefore look elsewhere for their bread and butter. As such writers have always done, unless they are fortunate enough to inherit a small income, they become teachers, book reviewers, doctors, or simply live by their wits, and do their writing in their spare time. They can thus preserve their independence, and perhaps, too, they can pick up here and there a profitable editorial crumb which involves no spiritual surrender.

Nevertheless, this comparative seclusion of our best writers from the violent main stream is regrettable—it robs the main stream of a purifying current which it sorely needs, and it is sometimes apt to rob the writer himself of an energizing touch of the common clay which would make him whole. Perhaps I exaggerate this a little, and perhaps it is already ceasing to be true—for certainly, with any luck at all, nowadays, it is very hard indeed in America for a fine book of verse, or a fine new novel, to go entirely unnoticed or unrewarded. But that it can happen, and that allowance ought to be made for these exceptional instances, is perhaps attested to by the existence of so many prizes and fellowships for young writers and artists. And again, too, there is the new institution, which shows signs of becoming common, of the so-called "resident poet" at a university or school—the poet being simply invited to live in the university, and to keep "open house," and to teach, or not, as he pleases.

And this new institution is, I think, interesting for several reasons. For one thing, it is evidence of the growing, and indeed already widespread belief, that it is wholesomer for a society to have its poets inside it than outside. Perhaps to a European this will not seem so strange. But in America it is something new, and this deliberate attempt of the universities to domesticate our poets, if not to tame them, and to bring them into a creative relationship with student audiences, is not only a radical cultural and educational departure, but is also significant of a very remarkable sociological change. By this I mean a sociological change in the status of the writer. It is hard to realize, too, how quickly this change has come about—it has happened only in the present century, if not indeed in the present generation: writers like myself who span the two centuries have seen it develop in their own lifetime. For, quite suddenly, it has become not only respectable to be a writer, but even honorable.

PERHAPS one needs to be an American to understand it. One has to remember, and as it were with one's own roots in the American scene, how very short has been the interval between the first colonizations of the Atlantic Coast and the present moment. It is nothing at all—it is a mere lightning-flash of time: one has barely had time to step ashore, cut down trees, build a house, and turn around: and therefore every American remembers vividly, with the muscles of his hands just as much as with the words in his mouth, what it was to be a pioneer, an explorer, a frontiersman, but above all, and everywhere, the *practical man.* And of course the American colonists had to be practical or nothing. Anything else came to be despised: if one was not practical, one was really not quite masculine, not quite a man. Obviously, in such a society, there could not be much place for a writer: if he was considered at all, it was with amused contempt. As for the poet, he was beyond the social pale entirely. It was something to be ashamed of. He was queer, effeminate, the perfect incarnation of all that the practical man summed up and hated in the favorite American word, sissy. If the poet wasn't insane, at any rate he might just as well be dead.

And, as I say, this wholly natural frontiersman's contempt for the impractical poet—and let us here remember Arnold's severity with Shelley—has always been an inevitable part of the American's heritage. But, as with all such vestigial inheritances from a passing phase of culture, it only needed to be recognized as such to disappear: and now, quite suddenly, it has disappeared. Not only is the writer, and even the poet, perhaps the poet most of all, now translated into respectability, but it is even suspected that he perhaps has some rare social function (far from being anti-social) which is as profound as it is mysterious. And accordingly, he must be got back into social circulation, so to speak, and he must be listened to. Above all, he must be listened to.

WELL, this is a really tremendous change, and I think it would be impossible to exaggerate its importance not only for the American writer but for American culture. What we are witnessing is the beginning of a sort of love affair between the American public and its writers—only the beginning, yet, and as so often in young love a little blind, a little indiscriminate, even perhaps a little fatuous; but genuine and beautiful, just the same, and fraught with consequences that are incalculable. To have great poets — Walt Whitman said — there must be great audiences too. It is the great audience, the well-disposed audience, which has always been lacking in America—our poets and writers have had to stand alone, soliloquizing to a thousandfold imaginary reduplication of themselves. But now that is over. The great audience is ready, or almost ready; if we wait patiently for just a little while it may even turn out to be the greatest audience there has ever been, anywhere. This time, it will not be their fault if there are no great poets. And in this sense, I think the opportunity for the American writer is now unparalleled in all history.

Nightmare

By Louis Kent

THE eyes at last expel the light
And close upon themselves the night.
The flesh its burdens to the bone
Relaxes, all save breath alone.
The eager fingers feckless lie
That all the day would bend and ply,
And feet unfaltering that upheld
The tower lie with the tower felled.

From chamber great to chamber small
The breath itself scarce moves at all
So soft it threads the vaulting arch
In solemn, slow, smooth gaited march
That one may just its passing trace,
Until across the midnight space
The scream, shaking the nighted portal,
Half inhuman, half immortal.

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Fiction. *The leader of this week's and this month's harvest of fiction is Thomas W. Duncan's "Gus the Great." Before publication all the signposts point to it as one of the occasional novels that rise like a rocket, with a bang and a whizz. This one may not come down like a stick, for it has all the earmarks of having permanent literary values. Mr. Duncan has toiled over his story of a circus owner since 1936 and through the years has erased as many words from the novel as it now contains. Yes, the Book-of-the-Month Club has taken it, and some day you will see it on the silver screen in a super-production. John Marquand, who is rarely given to hyperbole, writes that it is "an outstanding piece of workmanship, head and shoulders, in my private opinion, above any fiction which the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club have examined this year." In a few weeks it may give "The Moneyman" a run for his lucre as No. 1 best seller. And finally, here's a thought for the week. Why hasn't one of the recent crop of novels dramatized the man-versus-woman controversy raging in the magazines for the last four months?*

A Man and A Circus

GUS THE GREAT. By Thomas W. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 703 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALTER D. EDMONDS

THERE is a superstition in American publishing circles that a novel about the circus will not sell, and cannot be sold, in this country. It is useless to confront subscribers to this interesting principle with the record of "Toby Tyler," a book about a boy and a circus that has, I am told, sold more copies year after year than "Tom Sawyer." Your true, die-hard publisher will brush that one off by saying contemptuously, "Oh, 'Toby Tyler'!"—an unanswerable argument because, I suppose, "Toby Tyler" is a book for boys and therefore not within the scope of this respectable superstition. Still, being hardy and broad-minded exponents of free enterprise, and always willing to risk an honest dollar, publishers do every now and then bring out another circus novel in the hope, apparently, that even the best superstition sometimes turns out to be a monkey with its tail burned off. Yet when the book shows no immediate signs of starting a conflagration in the best-seller lists, you won't find this foolhardy but honest John hauling out the old bankroll to prop up the book, for he has already reminded himself and the unhappy author that a circus novel simply will not sell in the USA. A novel of this sort that has not earned shoeshine money for its author and his editors over here may go abroad and become a best seller in England—and what does that prove except support the commonly held theory that in England books are read mostly by the English people? Probably the real trouble with circus novels in this country is that hitherto they haven't been written by the right authors.

Well, in my opinion Thomas W. Duncan is the right author for "Gus the Great." He has written a whale of a novel and if it does not turn out to be a whale of a success, I shall be just as disappointed as the publishers and a good deal more surprised. But of course, if "Gus the Great" does prove the star attraction of this publishing season, your real die-hard publisher is going to say that it is not properly a circus novel at all; and in that he will be partly right, for though a circus becomes the motivating factor in Gus Burgoyne's career, the reader's interest is less absorbed by the circus routine than by the man himself with his ambitions, his enormous appetite, his gusty love of life, and childlike lack of all morality. The story is as little concerned with what makes your true circus performer tick as Gus himself was. Like many great showmen, he identified the show with himself; and the story of how he built and tossed away his three-ring circus becomes in Mr. Duncan's hands a kind of morality tale of the first third of this century in the midlands of America.

It is a wonderful tale of greed, avarice, envy, crookedness, passion, love, and tragedy—all components of Burgoyne's character and all set down with a wealth of detail that is unlike any novel I have recently read. Plenty of our books are long enough, and Lord knows "Gus the Great" is a long book, but their writing is thin and made even thinner by scarcely disguised repetition. But "Gus the Great" is not only the roast beef, it is the very juice from the joint; and it has been put together with a craftsmanship that takes one back to the great Victorian novels—with one difference. There are no passages to be skipped. Mr. Duncan has modeled his story on a three-ring circus, and he gives a full performance. He knows the art of using a spot for a particular act, and how to tie the act into the show so that the whole thing rolls from start to finish and there is never a dull

THE AUTHOR: "I must have some kind of psychic yearning to be a big, blustery, loud-suited fat man," says Thomas W. Duncan, who is long-lean-limbed, urbane, and tweed-suited. In his alter-image he created "Gus"—an obsession born whole November 1936 on sight of an abandoned Iowa circus farm. "At last, in a cabin at the foot of the Colorado mountains," he says, "I surrendered to 'Gus.' We bought a house trailer, traveling through Oklahoma and Texas, New Mexico and Nevada, and I wrote. I wrote and wrote and wrote." His wife got a job. For extra change they did a slightly inhibited magician-mindreading act at dude ranches—she shies at being sawed in half—and collaborated (she, three parts; he, one) on a mystery, "Prominent Among the Mourners." Hollywood took an option on his novel "Ring Horse," which followed "We Pluck This Flower," and Mrs. Duncan switched her typing to "Gus." His first published novel, "O Chautauqua," recalled vacation, histrionic experiences of the same name. One night a precipitous cue caught him in a costume change and he rushed onstage barefoot to continue his role as a visiting English nobleman. The show went on. Back to Drake University in 1925, the scion of Iowa medical men abandoned acting and law study, returning to the writing inspired by a gift typewriter at fourteen and his first story sale ($1) at fifteen. Next year he entered Harvard and studied himself into a nervous breakdown. Recuperating, he wrote a now-buried novel, reported for the *Des Moines Register*, then took his degree, *cum laude*. He taught at Iowa colleges and free-lanced. Now he plans to buy an Arizona ranch and finish "The March Adventure," a comedy about a small-town grocer. He's crazy about the month of March.

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moment. Yet in all the dash and glitter, the people (and there are countless people in this book) never lose their individuality.

This may be due to Mr. Duncan's method of storytelling, which goes back to the old tradition of letting the reader know all about a character as he makes his first appearance. But it goes beyond that, too; for there is the fire of life in these men and women setting out to scratch themselves careers at the turn of the new century with its hurly-burly opening decades and hardscrabble Thirties. We know all about Gus Burgoyne's life from the moment when it was merely the shine in the eye of Augustus Phelan as he stood at the bar of Mahoney's railroad saloon in Clayton Junction and watched the entrance of Doll Burgoyne.

Mr. Phelan, vice-president of the Chicago, Tamarack & Pacific Railroad, was fifty and he was married. Doll was twenty, with flawless skin and violet eyes and a cluster of short curls at the back of her pretty head; she had style and she knew she was lovely; but she never could say no. She was in fact the first of several women with these engaging attributes in Gus's life; but that is for Mr. Duncan to tell. Mr. Phelan, for all his gusto, went the way of all sugar-daddies; and when Gus was still a little boy he found himself completely parentless and celebrated as the first bastard of Clayton Junction.

He had his mother's love of glitter and Mr. Phelan's ability to ride roughshod for an objective; but he also had dark moods and a tragic sense that he may have owed to Howard Clancy, a black-haired fireman on the C., T. & P. Doll herself was never quite able to decide the question of her son's paternity in her own mind. However she named him for Mr. Phelan, perhaps because she preferred the aroma of vice-presidential cigars, and shortly afterwards abandoned the boy to her sister's care. As for Clancy, when he learned about Mr. Phelan, he lost interest in life, allowed himself to stick with his engine after the engineer had jumped, and so made memorable a famous crash on the Omaha run.

Gus began his career as printer's devil on the local paper, working for Frank MacGowan, one of the few honest people who entered his life. But Clayton Junction was too small to hold him, and he soon moved to the city of Tamarack, got a job on one of the newspapers, and before long had become city editor. He might have made a name for himself as a newspaperman; but something in his inner fiber demanded the center of a more brilliant stage. When he was offered the management of the local amusement park by Samuel Oxenford, one of Tamarack's financial wizards, he grabbed the chance.

From that point his rise in the amusement world was assured. There were only two interruptions: one emotional, and the other material. The first was a dark-haired and lovely girl, who, while succumbing to his undeniable attraction for women, could still say no when the time came. Gus Burgoyne never really recovered from that experience. The material interruption was the collapse of the Oxenford financial empire. Gus had married the man's cowlike daughter purely for the sake of the money she was expected to inherit. But when Samuel Oxenford sent himself whizzing out of his fifteenth-story office window, nothing was left for Mrs. Burgoyne but an insurance policy, a house, and the worthless farm which was to become winter quarters for "Burgoyne and Pawpacker's Great 3-Ring Circus."

What Gus made of his circus and how he betrayed it is the heart of Mr. Duncan's story. For he betrayed it more than once, from the time he gave up running it on a Sunday School basis and turned it over to the grifters, the short-change artists, and pickpockets, to the night in Corpus Christie when he emptied the till into his pockets and left the show stranded to make off with the animal trainer's wife—the last of the blonde and simple-minded lovelies who came into his life. In betraying the show he had, of course, betrayed himself, so at the end there was nothing left of all his money, diamonds, dinners, cars, cigars, and girls—nothing good or true at all except a portrait painted by an artist who for one short season had traveled with his circus and seen behind the mammoth, jovial, bespangled front of Gus Burgoyne, the reveries and ruthless ambition and bitterness and regrets. Gus did not like the picture, but he wanted it for the money it was worth; and even that, in the end, was beyond his reach.

"Gus the Great" is an enormous canvas of people and places painted in flamboyant color. But the writing is alive with action, and humor, and human understanding. And though the story is strung upon a circus theme, its glittering facets reflect a hundred aspects of Midwestern growth and growing pains. Places and people are brought to life with almost boundless imagination, and within the pattern of Gus's career dozens of other people play out their lives. There hasn't been such a book on the bookstalls in a dog's age. If you open it, you will see why.

Walter D. Edmonds wrote "Wilderness Clearing," "Two Logs Crossing," "Chad Hanna," Drums Along the Mohawk," "Tom Whipple," "Matchlock Gun," and "Young Ames."

My Current Reading

SRL has asked a number of well-known public figures to report on their current reading—books they have just read, are reading now, or plan to read shortly. The present list was contributed by Fleet Admiral **Chester W. Nimitz,** Chief of Naval Operations.

"Shirt Sleeve Diplomat," by Josephus Daniels
"The Roosevelt I Knew," by Frances Perkins
"The Red Fleet in the Second World War," by Ivan S. Isakov
"Pygmalion," by George Bernard Shaw
"The Stricken Land: The Story of Puerto Rico," by Rexford G. Tugwell
"East of the Iron Curtain," by William Van Narvig
"Selected Letters of William Allen White," edited by Walter Johnson
"Inside U.S.A.," by John Gunther
"Great Lady," by Margaret Mackay

Dune House

By Joseph Hirsh

REDEEMED by stars,
A sprig of moon,
I see the shadow on my house,
Not as the finished canvas of the night,
But as it was—
Brash pigments boldly stroked,
Before the sun
Switched brushes and its paints
And moved its easel from the dusk.
No longer frivolous, deserted
Shadows reached out hands
To huddle close upon the house,
Which winked a knowing, lidless eye
For it was night.

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Sensitive Pair

WAY OF LIFE. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 346 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

A. HAMILTON GIBBS is a distinguished, experienced novelist, a writer who has taken the trouble to learn his business. He is, without a question, a writer who believes in all the decencies of human behavior, who detests war, who hates those who now are saying, a few of them sincerely, that we must prepare at once to fight an atomic war with Soviet Russia, who is skeptical of British and American behavior in Greece, who wonders why his adopted country, the United States, has welcomed so many rocket-making Nazi scientists, who feels honest distress at the plight of millions of hungry and homeless Europeans. All of these are commendable virtues, but I'm afraid they're not quite enough by themselves to make "Way of Life" a first-rate novel.

Actually, Major Gibbs—he earned his British Army title in the First World War—has not written much more than a rather superficial love story. He tells of a sensitive, musical Bostonian, Corporal Bill Thatcher, who meets and eventually marries Minchen Wainwright, an equally sensitive, beautiful English girl whose father lost an arm in the first war. When Bill Thatcher meets Minchen, named after the town to which her disillusioned father and her patient mother have retired, he has already fought through Sicily and Salerno in the second, and, as a paratrooper, is preparing for the D-Day landing in Normandy. Before the dark and bloody early morning of June 6, 1944, Bill and Minchen are married, and, when he returns to England, Bill has been wounded. The remainder of the novel concerns Bill's adjustment to the fact that he can never again be a first-rate musician—he has lost two fingers on one hand—the arrival of his and Minchen's child, and their troubled concern with the emergence of a post-war world as filled with hate and uncertainty as the world they knew before the war began.

Unfortunately, none of Major Gibbs's four principal characters—Minchen, her father and mother and Bill—ever quite come alive; the dialogue is stilted, old-fashioned, and always a little painful, and, somehow, the American G.I.'s in these pages, while they might have been perfectly at home in 1918, seem hopelessly out of place to anyone who knew the G.I.'s who were in Europe in the 1940's. They are, all of them, more puppets than people, more caricatures than characters. Maybe Major Gibbs's difficulty lies in the differences between the two wars, and perhaps the soldier of the first can never adequately understand the soldier of the second. I don't know. I do know that, for all his good intentions, Major Gibbs has failed in "Way of Life" to say anything significant about a man like Bill Thatcher, of whom there were so many millions in the Second World War. It's a pity.

Twilit Haiti

DRUMS OF DESTINY. By Peter Bourne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 570 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

ANY future student of that sturdiest of our contemporary literary commodities, the historical romance, will be well advised not to overlook the present volume. It is, without reservation, a perfect example of that genre.

It has the great historical background—the French Revolution and Napoleon's rise and fall—as seen from a semi-lit, picturesque, exotic recess of the historical space—the still voodoo-ridden Dominican Islands.

It has the noble cause—Liberty and Equality—and at the same time shows the limitations of radical idealism put into practice—by recounting in straight, clearly written (and wholly unimaginative) sequences the tragic, horrifying, grotesque, and sanguinary story of the self-liberation of the slaves of Haiti, the vicissitudes of the varying degrees of their economical and political independence under Toussaint l'Ouverture, Dessaline, and the fabulous King Henri, and their swift degeneration and final failure.

—From the book jacket.

As one of the ingredients in a well-mixed historical romance, readers will find "the high-spirited Duncan Stewart."

It has the high-spirited Anglo-Saxon hero in a world of foreigners—humbly born Duncan Stewart, a London-trained physician without degree who embraces the cause of the down-trodden—whose flaws in his otherwise *sans peur et reproche* immaculateness include a manslaughter he has committed in youthful rashness (and which has driven him from London), and infatuation with a mulatto woman to whose unique charm he succumbs after having for many a long year chastely bewailed the break with his girl back home.

It has that profusion of costumed well-meaners, villains, dolts, savages, and mere talkers—of three different colors of skin and, of course, both sexes—that gives the appearance of a "teeming world," set at any minute to fulfil the historical blueprint. And it has that authenticity of background material which warrants the stranger-than-fiction label, and that projection of twentieth-century thought and sentiment into the minds of eighteenth-century people that makes the novel's characters as alive as technicolor figures seen from the front row of the neighborhood moviehouse.

Sailor and Doxy

PASSING BY. By Elliott Merrick. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 234 pp. $3.

Reviewed by J. R. H. COUSE

THIS is a story about one of history's greatest battles, a struggle marked by no quarter, where tens of thousands of men were killed, and almost uncountable wealth was destroyed: the Battle of the Atlantic.

It is given as the account of an able seaman, Duncan; and what he did aboard two ships, and also what he did ashore between those voyages. Within that unforced form, true to the common legend of so many men out of the greatest carrier fleet the world ever saw, an enormous effort is depicted excellently.

The story opens with Duncan's realization that it is time for him to ship out again. Aboard the S/S *Cornhill*, a tanker, he travels to England and then to the Caribbean, to do shuttle duty between the oil ports and North Africa. After many months, he pays off in New York again, where he meets a girl in a seaman's club whom he persuades to come along to his hotel room. With that concession to his free will, fortune takes over:

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Belles Lettres.

André Gide and Sir James M. Barrie form an interesting study in reputations. In Gide's life and work the harshness of Languedoc and the strict Protestantism of his father struggled with the lush warmth of Normandy and his own ardent nature. Although Barrie's core was hard Scots, it was the delights of literary London rather than the Presbyterian Scotland of his father that molded him. Gide's lonely and bitter struggle to shape his life according to his need led him on a crooked path from delicate symbolism through the Marxism of the '30's: and the intensity of that inner conflict, written out in words, will ensure his reputation. Barrie, on the other hand, wrote "I fancy I try to create an artificial world to myself because the one I really inhabit—becomes too sombre. How doggedly my pen searches for gaiety." Barrie is seldom read, now. Yet what a delightful man he was!

Frightful Heart Beat

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE. Volume I: 1889-1913. *Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes, by Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* 1947. 380 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

THIS authoritative and intelligent edition of André Gide's early journals is a happy literary event. Gide began to write his journals at the age of twenty; the complete French text runs to over thirteen hundred pages. Volume I of the American edition carries him from the start of his career to the edge of the First World War—which is, incidentally, hardly mentioned.

The present volume also includes the first of Gide's impressions and portraits of a whole gallery of European celebrities from d'Annunzio and Maeterlinck to Wilde, Rodin and Degas. The scene shifts from Paris to St. Germain to Rome, Tunis, and Seville. As Mr. O'Brien says in his introduction, however, the early years of Gide's journals are concerned principally with himself and are devoted "to self-scrutiny and dreams, to philosophic hesitations and emotional unrest."

This covers the years from 1889 to 1900 very well, though it is almost impossible to convey the nature of that remarkable "self-scrutiny" and those singular "hesitations" of Gide. The next period in the journals, from 1901 to 1906, perhaps the most interesting and illuminating section of the book, deals mainly with the emotional crisis which is at the center of Gide's career. "Since 25 October 1901, the day on which I finished 'L'Immoraliste,' I have not seriously worked," Gide wrote in 1904. And for all his reticence (this is a journal, not a diary), one can hardly avoid the refrain which fills these pages—the "frightful insomnia," the fear of "all manifestations of life," the continual struggle against "the breaking up and scattering of my thought."

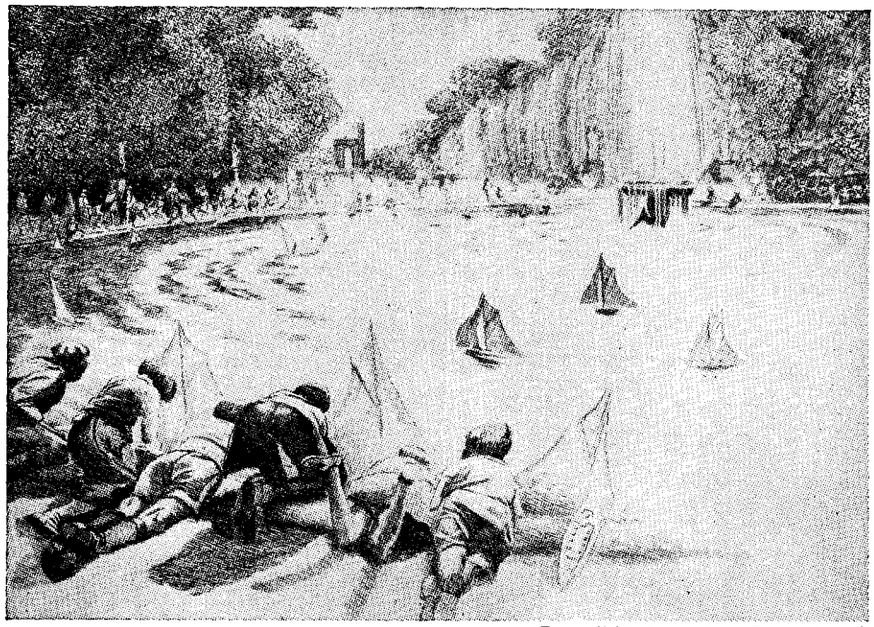
"Will nothing calm the frightful beating of my heart?" Gide wrote a year later at Cuverville, his country estate. "I wander like a madman amidst this peace as arid to me as the desert." The devout Protestant education of Gide's youth was surely a factor in the crisis of his maturity. ("O my Lord, let this too narrow ethic burst. . . .") The austere literary career, without favor and without honors, which he had chosen for himself was another. "I am the one *who created* this silence around me." The homosexual impulse of his temperament which Gide the moralist, had to recognize publicly, was still another —he already believed himself to be "completely virgin and utterly depraved."

In any event, it was also this central emotional conflict, this wound, if you like, and this frightful beating of the heart, which contributed to Gide's stature as an artist, which allowed him to escape from the vanity of a Stendhal or the petulance of a Flaubert, and which, in a literary tradition marked by a lack of heart, and particularly so in such later representatives as Aragon or Sartre, placed Gide, probably alone among the French moderns, in the class of Proust.

For what one realizes again in the first volume of the "Journals" is the circumspect and limited nature of Gide's own early life. There was not only the constraint of his religious education; there was his almost completely sheltered upbringing with his mother and his aunts, his "two properties in Normandy," his garden, his piano playing, and, of course, those interminable and utterly trivial family dinners.

Perhaps this explains the early Gide's aversion to the social question. "Oh, if politics did not bend all his thoughts, what a keen critic he would be!" the young author cried with respect to Léon Blum, who, in fact, as soon as he came to represent a party and not a temperament, ceased to interest Gide. In a sense, many of Gide's original conflicts represent the moral dilemmas of the leisure class. Probably even his first direct experience with social injustice, in the French colonies, reflects his youthful penchant for the unique or the exotic; very early in these pages he notices the tall Negroes of the Sudan, with their little sprigs of white flowers, "of fragrant jasmine, which intoxicates them."

His excursions to the "dens" of Paris or Tunis were rather cursory, then, his visions "of rape, of murder, of abominable passions" were a little abstract, while, as in the similar case of Proust, almost his only contact with the masses was through those



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

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eccentric but essentially faithful and loyal family retainers, nurses, cooks, gardeners. A reference to one of Gide's early admirations, Dostoievsky's "A Raw Youth," will show how far removed Gide was from suffering humanity. He had to constrain himself indeed, as Mr. O'Brien notes, in order to cast off restraints. And yet, at the conclusion of the years of moral and emotional upheaval which are recorded so eloquently in this "Journal," the remarkable thing is that he did, and that he was able to assimilate the madness and reason which are, as Gide says, the two poles of art.

Very likely Gide is still primarily an "intellectual," a moral philosopher in the tradition of Montaigne rather than a natural novelist or playwright. He is a dramatist of ideas—but what a dramatist!—whose concern is for thought "as a living, suffering thing," but who brings to his own thought all the resources of a rich and complex temperament — all "my unrest, my curiosity, my rapture."

There are many other excellent things in Volume I of "The Journals of André Gide," particularly the studies of contemporary personalities, esthetic trends, and philosophic movements which begin to appear in the years from 1907 to 1913—that whole glittering, entertaining, and illuminating panorama of French culture in the opening years of the new century. If the search for truth is more important than its possession, as Gide believes, and God consists in "becoming," his own career is a testimony to his faith—I have hardly had a chance to mention Mr. O'Brien's translation, which is first rate.

Two Minds

By Hortense Flexner

ONCE, standing close
To high moments,
To battle hours,
The generous time of giving,
Hot propulsions toward sacrifice,
Their strength was lifted
In anonymous deed.
Not one would ask
That death remember
And blood be everlasting.

Far then they lived from the word-dealers,
Schemers in corridors,
Whose black-rooted knowledge
Forever grows weeds
Over the monuments,
And lays, beyond the scarlet thrust,
The long, clattering track
That leads to more bright expenditure,
More evil bookkeeping.

Giver of Joy

LETTERS OF JAMES M. BARRIE. Edited by Viola Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. *302 pp. with Index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IN A LETTER to Mrs. Thomas Hardy, written shortly after Hardy's burial, J. M. Barrie wrote, "I should like you to know that it was not merely the greatness of the man that made him wonderful to me. Suppose he had been just an everyday person—I should still have thought him one of the most lovable human beings I have ever known." Any understanding reader of these enchanting letters will be inclined to make the same comment about J. M. Barrie. Those who knew him well, from A. E. W. Mason, Quiller-Couch, and Turley Smith (author of some of the best books about schoolboys in our time) to Scott of polar expedition fame, J. B. Priestley, Eiluned Lewis (whose "Dew on the Grass" Barrie welcomed enthusiastically in 1934), and his devoted secretary Lady Cynthia Asquith, alone could be positive whether Barrie was a happy man; but these letters show clearly enough that he understood joy and often had it, in spite of the sufferings that clouded and perplexed his life. And he must surely have often come into the ranks of those of whom he wrote: "Those who bring happiness into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves," though what he says to his correspondent Mrs. Raymond Asquith is equally true of himself: "You are not one who clamors for happiness."

How he gave it, effortlessly, unendingly, gaily, and gladly is shown throughout these letters, which cover the years from 1884 to 1937, though there are lamentably few for the earlier years of his life as an author. The most noticeable feature of the letters and the loveliest is their equality of approach. They are all personal, all most exquisitely tuned to each correspondent; none is casual or merely matter of fact.

There is no question that Barrie thought of himself as naturally a glum lad. As late as 1909, in a letter to Quiller-Couch, apropos of "What Every Woman Knows," he writes:

> I fancy I try to create an artificial world to myself because the one I really inhabit, and the only one I could do any good in, becomes too sombre. How doggedly my pen searches for gaiety.

The authors he admired most, except Hardy whom he understood as one countryman understands another,

"James M. Barrie's fantasy and sentiment should not be distasteful to a generation that enjoys Thurber and Bemelmans."

were mostly the cheerful authors. There is not much about books and authors in these letters, or rather not much "shop" about them. He was disconcerted by D. H. Lawrence, and says on starting "The Lost Girl," "the first chapter is rather hard on the teeth": he admired the easy authors, and the good story-tellers, and was an advocate of the novel which gets itself written rather than of the novel the author labors to write—"Tess was right," he tells Quiller-Couch in 1893, "because it was Hardy's natural output. That is the whole thing surely. Blessed is the novelist who has no idea how he does it." There is no evidence here that he ever adventured on the study of the experimental writers; he even, so he tells Lady Cynthia, finds a book of Stella Benson's too difficult—"she is a brilliant person of much and many brains, but what is its aim or object or even subject I can't get hold of at all, I seem to be *deaf* to these writers and yet with the conviction that I should greatly admire them if I could hear them." It is disappointing that there is so little about his own books. There are references to a good many of the plays, especially to "The Boy David"; but nothing of moment about "Shall We Join the Ladies," a play in which Barrie conveys with uncanny skill the uneasy atmosphere of the world of discomfort and suspicion which he so gallantly conquered.

The great charm of many of the letters can hardly, I suspect, be clear except to those who have the good luck, as this reviewer has, to know many of his correspondents and their backgrounds. Yet a perfect stranger, at all sensitive to the spoken word—

(*Continued from page* 34)

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Personal History.

The three Englishmen who journeyed from Texas to Nova Scotia in 1568 (see our review below) encountered many curiosities from sweet corn to hippopotomae, but they missed Boss Flynn of the Bronx by 370 years, supposing they went that way. For the American boss is a curiosity worth recording. His machine is a tight little institution completely unrecognized in formal government. Because most Americans have a guilty conscience about The Boss, the machines are going respectable now. Last week we reviewed "Tom's Town," a study of the Pendergast outfit, and now Eddie Flynn has published his memoirs, discussed below. Gunther's "Inside U.S.A." will tell you more about the American boss.

Mild Radical

YOU'RE THE BOSS. By Edward J. Flynn. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 244 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE

EDDIE FLYNN—I suppose protocol would call for the use of Mister, but everybody knows him as Eddie—has written a good book; an honest book; an intelligent book, but a book that, in part, is only half-revealing, half-concealing. He didn't tell all. "You're the Boss" makes a definite contribution to American politics, but that contribution would have been greater had the writer not been a Disciple of Sweetness and Light.

Ed. Flynn is a nice fellow, and this becomes evident in the development of his thesis when those occasions arise in which acrimony is called for. Practically the only one that Flynn goes to the mat with is Roy Howard. He makes plain that his relations with that journalist are somewhat more than strained, and says he told him off in a few simple and somewhat profane sentences. It would have been interesting to have heard Roy's reply; he is rarely at a loss for words.

The book seeks to justify itself by pointing a moral to adorn its tale. This is not necessary; in fact, it is rather Kremlin-like. Under Russia's totalitarianism we are told that every art form must have a message. I don't know if "You're the Boss" is Art; I do know that it tells a lively story and tells it easily and with apparent truth. Therefore, it must be Art for, after all, Art is best defined as the transfer of an emotion—or am I wrong?

Flynn will disappoint the scavengers. He is quite frank about the President, but the overtones of affection outthunder the complications of double dealing that the writer finds present now and then. This is especially true with regard to appointments, where he prettily insinuates that he got a double-cross. I notice I write "the President." Well,— I doubt that I shall be misunderstood. Of course, I meant F.D.R. The book, to the confusion of those who predicted bitterness, is more than kind to Jim Farley. Even Farley will find gratification in the attitude assumed by the writer. But the New Deal does not come off as well. In fact, the New Dealers are the targets for many of the author's arrows; he does not mince words in expressing his opinions on this subject. And Tommy Corcoran, once known as Tommy the Cork, when he was floating high, is the recipient of much of the criticism. Incidentally, the author praises Louie Howe (F.D.R.'s shadow) more earnestly than would this critic, who had known him for a long time and thought him loyal, but beyond that he didn't have much.

Flynn does not attempt to gloss over the paving block incident—when the courtyard at his country place was built by a group of admirers. It was charged that the paving blocks were the property of the Bronx County and the labor was paid for by the county. This was made a great deal of by Flynn's political enemies, including, it is interesting to note, Ed Crump, the Democratic Boss of Tennessee. That charge disposes of the belief that all the Bosses stand together. Personally, having looked on major politics for many years, I have always thought that Flynn was pretty lucky or pretty clean, in that no other accusation was made against him. As a matter of fact, Flynn is clean. And, more than that, he has insisted upon maintaining a clean reputation for the Bronx.

Look at the District Attorney's office. That's the telltale in every community. A good man in that job means a pretty solid freedom from vice and crime. Flynn has always kept the office above reproach.

Here's a chance to hang one on the book and the fallible processes of the writer's memory. He writes, "I recall one vote I cast with pride tinged with some amusement. It was against a majority that wanted to expel the Socialist Assemblyman in 1918, and it earned for me something of a reputation for 'mild Radicalism'."

I hope Mr. Flynn's reputation for "mild Radicalism" is built on something more substantial than that statement, for, it wasn't in 1918 that the expulsion took place—it was two years later, when the Republicans under the gallant (?) Thad Sweet, Leader of the House, threw the duly elected Socialist Assemblyman out on their ears. They were led by Louis Waldman, then an able, now also a prominent, lawyer, but who probably is less radical at this time than he was then.

—Press Association.

"Even Jim Farley will find gratification in the attitude assumed by Eddie Flynn."

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I remember the incident well, because I was then Executive Editor of *The World*, and we organized a protest against this puerile and dangerous action. We asked Charles E. Hughes to head the counsel opposing the step, but they overrode him, too.

The book has kind words to say about Charles F. Murphy. I think this is right for, in his later years, Murphy devoted himself to being a Good instead of a Powerful Leader. After all, Murphy was the one who developed and gave us Governor Smith; Senator Wagner (if you like him!); Surrogate Foley; Ed. Flynn; Tom Churchill, and Jimmie Walker who, had he possessed character commensurate with ability, would have gone far. I did not find the book as understanding of Al Smith as it might have been. The truth is they liked each other but never knew each other well. The fissure between Smith and Roosevelt, after '29, did not help their understanding, because Ed. was completely and wholly for Roosevelt. Smith had chosen Roosevelt as the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, but after Roosevelt went to Albany he deliberately avoided Smith; Louie Howe wanted him to rise above the Smith influence. Why? The Smith influence was pretty good, wasn't it?

Apropos of that statement, Flynn seems to think the victories of '32, '36, '40, and '44 were Democratic victories. Possibly '32 was—then Henry Mencken's proverbial Chinaman could have been elected—but on the other three occasions it was Roosevelt alone who was successful—not his party. The writer makes a good case for the machine, which today is less destructive than it was, but he doesn't make plain whether that has come about through the weakening or betterment of the system. Personally, I think the machine is better because it has to be. We have become more politically conscious in America, and we demand more of our representatives.

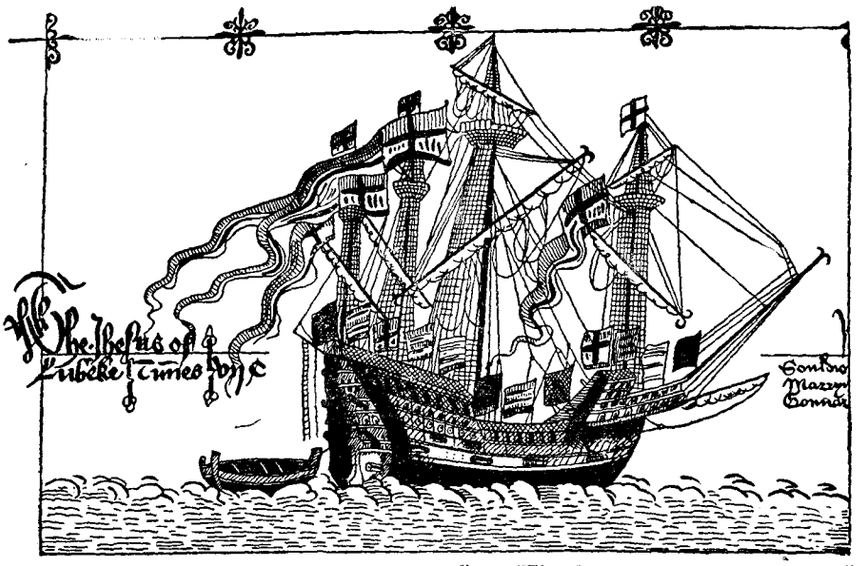
Prophylaxis

By Gustav Davidson

BE THE anarch
of the norm;
break all patterns
as they form;

lance the molds
with deep incision
lest the flesh
incrust the vision;

lest the things
we take on faith
turn living spirit
into wraith.



—*From "The Journey of Three Englishmen."*

The *Jesus de Lübeck* from a manuscript in Magdalene College, Cambridge University.

The author gives quite a little space to his adventures in Russia, but he reaches no conclusion outside of a general disapproval of the Russians. Like Coolidge describing the parson's sermon on sin, he said he was against it. He takes a certain pleasure in and gives the details of his mission to Rome, where, it appears, he did a good job.

"You're the Boss" is entertaining. I find myself wishing the author were a more punctilious reporter. For example, he doesn't mention who ran against John O'Brien in '32 (Pounds), at the time Jimmie Walker resigned under fire. Nor does he mention the rival to Jimmie Walker, when Al Smith's fight against the demagogic John Hylan threw that candidate on the ash heap. It was in 1925 that this occurred. Don't look now, but see if you can remember the name of Walker's rival. If you can't, look at the footnote.*

And our author fails to give the name of the man who ran against Red Mike Hylan in 1921. Here's another chance for a guess. See below.** Finally who ran against Walker in '29.***

Anyone who wants to widen his knowledge of the Great Game of Politics must read this book.

Herbert Bayard Swope, former intimate of Woodrow Wilson, Al Smith, and President Roosevelt, served with the United States Atomic Energy Delegation to the UN, which put forth the celebrated Baruch plan. A Pulitzer Prize journalist, publicist, and author, he was editor of The World *when that newspaper was at its peak.*

*Frank D. Waterman, Rep.
**Henry Curran, Rep.
***Fiorello LaGuardia.

Astounding Trek

ACROSS ABORIGINAL AMERICA: THE JOURNEY OF THREE ENGLISHMEN ACROSS TEXAS IN 1568. By E. DeGolyer. El Paso: The Peripatetic Press. 1947. 26 *pp. (no price given).*

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

IN SEPTEMBER 1568 John Hawkins's fleet, on its third expedition to the Indies, sought refuge from a series of damaging storms in the harbor of Vera Cruz. A week later the Spaniards attacked it, and of Hawkins's six ships four were lost. One of the surviving craft made off for England; the other, the *Minion*, overloaded with men rescued from the lost ships, and, badly underprovisioned, steered north and a few days later made land. Many of those aboard expressed a preference for being put ashore rather than risking starvation at sea. Hawkins approved their suggestion, and about a hundred left the ship. Most of these went south toward Tampico; the others struck out northward.

We know what became of only three of them—David Ingram, Richard Browne, and Richard Twide. They crossed into the Texas that was to be, went east and northeast, and a year later reached Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. There a French ship picked them up and took them home. It was truly, as Mr. DeGolyer calls it, an "astounding journey."

An account of that journey appeared twenty years later in the first edition of Richard Hakluyt's "Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation." The

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account was omitted, however, from subsequent editions, for the reason, according to Samuel Purchas, that it contained "some incredibilities." It certainly did. The three seamen reported seeing elephants, and a "strange Beast bigger than a Beare, he had neither head nor necke: his eyes and mouth were in his breast" —a pretty good portrait of a hippopotamus (the trio had previously been in Africa, and the non-English world was probably all one to them). But they also told of a "kind of Graine, the eare whereof is as big as the wrist of a mans arme: the Graine is like a flat pease"—and if that isn't sweet corn, what is? But despite their tall tales, there can be no question but that Ingram, Browne, and Twide traveled from Mexico to Canada and so to the sea. We know where they went in, we know where they came out. Whatever they saw, or said they saw, they were there.

Mr. DeGolyer has rendered an historical service by facsimileing the six pages in the original Hakluyt which set forth the adventures of the three Englishmen and prefacing the facsimiles with a clarifying introduction.

An American Gentleman

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IT WAS really odd that last night for no discoverable reason (except what Keats might have called the ignoble dearth of good narcotics) I picked up Stevenson's "The Dynamiter." That delicious little prologue in the Cigar Divan, never improved in brio by anyone, is what the bishop was called, social soporific. It sends one off with a smile. But it also sent me off with the familiar thought, why is it never sufficiently suggested that Sherlock Holmes was born out of the ribs of Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson? Poe and Gaboriau and Dr. Joseph Bell are all very well, but the spark that lit young tinderhearted *(sic)* Conan Doyle was surely the Prince-tobacconist of Bohemia. Even the divan in Robert Street ("mouse-colored plush") may have fathered the much more famous mouse-colored dressing gown. That was the wicked stinging and punctuating effect of Stevenson's words. They were hypodermic, needled into one's self. It's amusing to note a recent revival of curiosity in R.L.S. among the stricken middle generation. It is naturally disturbing to the deliterated to find words used with such wasteful delicacy. But the best of him will be forever breathing and forever young, to improve poor Keats's tubercular line. It is a pity that poets have to be outlived to be improved.

I must keep to my theme. Some time toward the end of '85 or early '86 young Dr. Conan Doyle read "The Dynamiter." His natural interest in Stevenson (a few years' senior graduate of the same university) was professionally enlarged by the well-known rumor that R.L.S. was a very ill man; an invalid, possibly moribund, at Bournemouth. The famous dedication (in "Underwoods") to no less than eleven doctors had not then been written (1887, I think?) but there is always a crapevine among medical men, and if Dr. Doyle hadn't been so overdrawn in Southsea he might well have wished to move a few miles Westward to Bournemouth to serve as interne to the immortal Dr. Scott—whose sinister initials were T.B. (Thomas Bodley Scott; see that noble dedication). I think it probable that Dr. Doyle would rather have been Stevenson's medical adviser than anything else he could think of. Young H. G. Wells, then a draper's assistant in Southsea (his employer was a patient of Doyle's) was as ruddy and shrill as only H. G. would have been at nineteen.

The MS of "The Firm of Girdlestone" was already shabby with to-and-fro. The "rustle of the green-

grocer's lungs," as Doyle called it, and "the throb of the charwoman's heart," were worth only about eighteen pence a visit. His self-imposed family obligations were large; the hard-earned £250 a year was (as his Inland Revenue critic wrote on the form) "most unsatisfactory." I imagine him, say some rainywindow evening about Christmas 1885, after a visit to the Southsea Circulatory Library (of which he was the most faithful customer) sitting down to swoon himself with his idol's new book, "More New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter." I won't bruise you with all the obvious parallels, but only seven pages in, what did he read:

> "Do you then propose, dear boy, that we should turn detectives?" inquired Challoner.
>
> "Do I propose it? No, sir," cried Somerset. "It is reason, destiny, the plain face of the world, that commands and imposes it. Here all our merits tell; our manners, habit of the world, powers of conversation, vast stores of unconnected knowledge, all that we are and have builds up the character of the complete detective. It is, in short, the only profession for a gentleman."

I COULD quote more, and jealously apropos; but it will do no one harm to reexamine "The Dynamiter" for himself; the Irgun Zwai Leumi of 1885. The point, sharpened by a hundred razor passages in those preposterous stories (completely witty and completely blah) is that A.C.D. went to bed that night in Bush Villa with a new idea in his simple and workable occiput.

It was not only a detective that he had in occiput, but even, God forgive him, a Mormon interlude. He had no idea, nor does it matter, that he was unconsciously mismating Edgar Poe's detective with Fanny Stevenson's appalling Mormon feuilleton. But if you want to suffer, which is part of a literary critic's duty, reread "A Study in Scarlet" (written 1886) and then that appalling chapter in "The Dynamiter," "The Story of the Destroying Angel." Fanny Stevenson was Conan Doyle's Destroying Angel. He did it again, thirty-five years later, in "The Valley of Fear."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 703)

F. BOAS:

THE MIND OF PRIMITIVE MAN

Freedom of judgment can be attained only when we learn to estimate an individual according to his own ability and character. Then we shall find if we . . . select the best . . . that all races and all nationalities would be represented.

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He never shook off the unconscious influence of that emphatic woman; nor did anyone else.

The intimations of literary heredity, the cross-fertilities of suggestion, are more subtle than any bookish Burbank had ever put in *précis*. No one has ever had the courage, let us say, to suggest the bloodstream osmosis between Hemingway and Kipling (of which, prudentially, Hemingway is least aware). But the exciting thing, in the woe and wizardry of art (I beg you remember this) is that one man's poison can be another man's meat. The most forgettable thing one artist ever did (Stevenson's futile, delightful "Dynamiter," for instance) can be the accidental takeoff and jet-bomb for another man's felicity. Neither of them will know it. Only the true lover of human frequencies and modulations will ever guess; and will keep it to himself.

I said it was odd; this was what I meant. I fell on sleep thinking about Doyle's subsconscious impulse from Stevenson. I thought about it again, as one does, this morning, brooding in the only privacy that still exists, the bathtub. (Much more private than Mr. Hoover's two aspiring secrecies; prayer and fishing.) It was in my mind, and futile at that, to remark Doyle's unconscious increment from R.L.S. That leads one to think (few people do?) of their own impulsives from behind the swing. I thought of Don Marquis, and Simeon Strunsky, and William Hazlitt, from whom I myself have been ungrateful and unconscious to plunder. It is the people from whom you steal who are the zodiac over your Grand Central. People who are just catching trains don't have time to look at the ceiling.

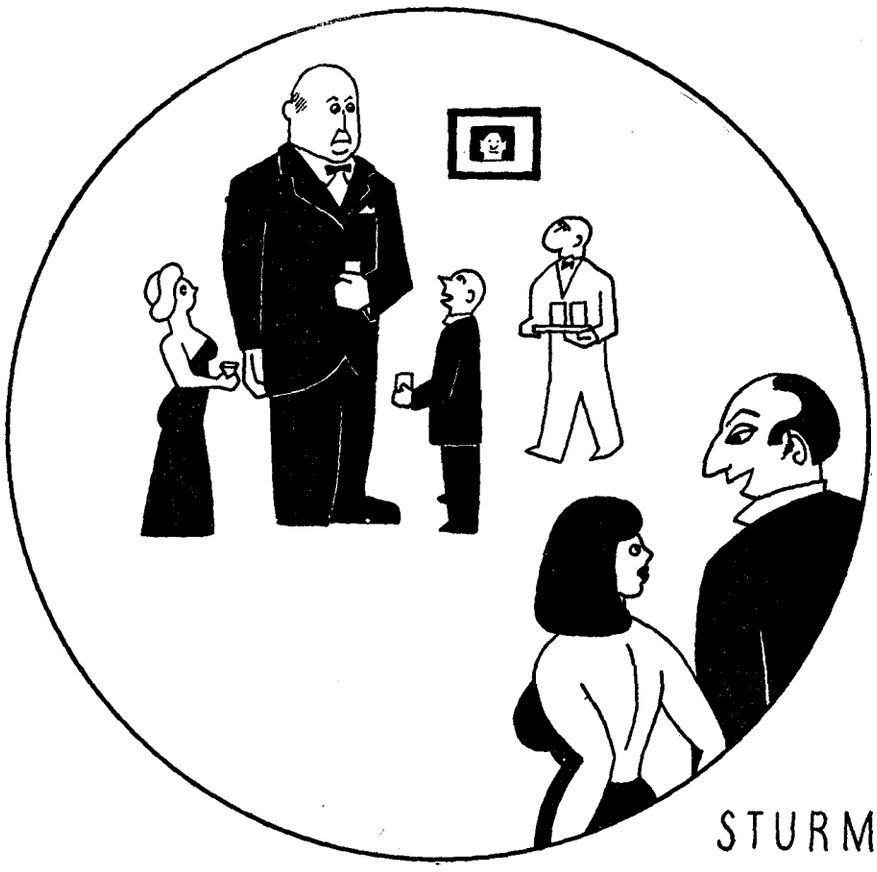
I said it was odd: about midmorning I went down to the depot, got my copy of *The New York Times*, and saw that our dear old Lloyd Osbourne died yesterday. *Loia*, as the Samoans called him, unspoiled old innocent, was perhaps the greatest American Boy (barefoot, with cheek) since Whittier and Mark Twain. Who remembers the immortal dedication:

> To LLOYD OSBOURNE
> An American Gentleman
> In accordance with whose classic taste the following narrative has been designed. . . .

Just about fifty years ago I had an earache; in the therapy of that era I was put to bed with a baked onion poulticed on me, and given a paper-bound piracy to read. How well I remember it, as soon as I got interested in the Admiral Benbow I forgot my ear, and haven't thought of it since. But I never forgot (I always read all the front-matter of books; sometimes it's the best of them) L. O., the American Gentleman. Nor do I forget that he was collaborator in what shrewd judges (for instance Rudyard Kipling) have said is a Test Book. "The Wrong Box" (1889) is the kind of book you don't mention except to Initiates (as Kipling said). I have always felt a little bashful about it because my father read it on his honeymoon. It was then, and remains for those who know a smile from a smirk, "judicious levity." Twenty-five years ago I used to see Lloyd Osbourne around the mid-forties, perhaps at the Coffee House Club. I never told him, and I'm sorry, that when driving the highways of North America I often thought of him. They have a way of painting, before arterial crossings, the sedative abbreviation *SLO*. Always, putting on the brakes, I used to think of him. His full name was Samuel Lloyd Osbourne—the last of a relentful generation. He entertained angels awares.

Never make up your mind (if that's what it is) about literature until you have no personal interest in it. All I'm trying to say is that just as Lloyd Osbourne's rainy day in Scotland in 1881 helped to create "Treasure Island," so did his stepfather's illness in Bournemouth in 1884-85 help to beget Sherlock Holmes.

Piety is the love of things that have been loved before, by better men than yourself. There is no piety if you don't say it.



"He's the biggest heart man in the East."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 222

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 222 will be found in the next issue.

ABC DEFEDGAH IJ

GKLGMKEAGIK NEOCP EK

CPPCKAGEQ FEZA IJ ABC

IYAJGA IJ CXCZH BIKCPA

NEK.

W. Z. QIVCQQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 221

If you injure your neighbor, better not do it by halves.

G. B. SHAW
Maxims for Revolutionists

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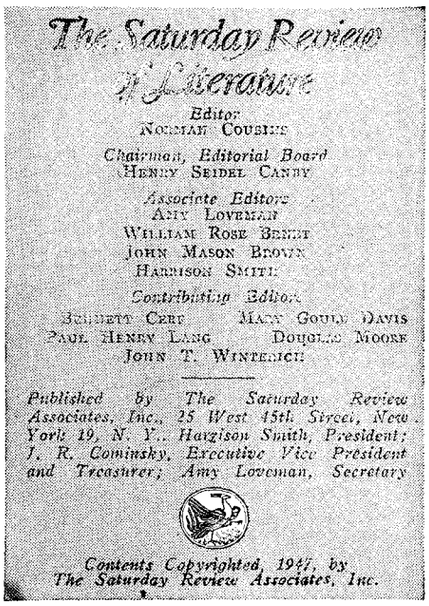
The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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Literature for Survival

THE OMINOUS words "education for survival," used in last week's editorial "Now What We Need Is Education . . ." is a newly minted phrase that is rapidly gaining currency. If it could be taken seriously, it might mean everything we can hope for in the reform of a broken-down and deficient educational system, but if nothing more is done for American education than the application of a few patches on its strained and worn carcass, it will mean nothing more than that one more bright cliché has been invented. When solemnly uttered, it is the kind of phrase that shows that a man is awake and aware, a liberal at heart, who is thereby absolved from further responsibility. Some day he will be able to say, "I told them so ten years ago," and, still croaking, go straight to the heaven especially designed for progressives as a whiff of atomized dust.

But there are other teachers of the great public besides the underprivileged, underpaid, and undereducated teachers in our public schools and colleges of whom Norman Cousins was writing last week. There are the writers who with our vastly expanded readership reach and move and make up their minds for millions of people every year in or out of schools and colleges. Of the many ways of getting an education books remain one of the best. Now that modern literature is available almost everywhere, we forget that the urge for the possession of books of earlier days was founded on a passion for education. That passion still exists and as the schools fail to satisfy it, the writers of every kind of book, from fact to fiction, have a responsibility for the kind and depth of information that they give the public. If we must indeed educate the people for survival, their responsibility was never greater.

If the school teachers need to be educated for the days that are coming, so do the writers. We live in a time when the scientist and his discoveries are beginning to dominate our whole existence and even to mark the period of our dissolution. Nor is the range of the scientist merely that of the physicist and the chemist; he has now entered into every realm of our life, from the manner in which we are born to what we eat, wear, think, and dream, and by what means we are transported about the earth. A breed of writers must be evolved who are capable of translating the words and the symbols of science into intelligible sentences and of giving them a meaning for the masses of which even the scientist himself may not be aware. We have long become used to the mechanized society in which we have our being, which has brought to an end what was left of the "natural man." What we will face tomorrow so far transcends this steady and accustomed mechanization that it is as if we were suddenly plunged onto a strange planet where all the rules and guideposts were written in an incomprehensible language.

Thirty or forty years ago it was within the scope of the knowledge of, let us say, Theodore Dreiser to write "The Titan" and "The Financier," or of Upton Sinclair to write "The Money-Changers" or "King Midas." Where is the popular American novelist today who knows enough to use Wall Street or international finance as his subject matter? Aside from the complexity of today's economics, he does not even come within bowing acquaintance of the men who dominate these realms, to say nothing of the thousands of lesser beings who live by the stock market or who follow the dollar around the world. Yet for the novelist finance and the men and women who are precariously balanced on its peaks might be a subject of overwhelming interest. Where is the writer who can dramatize the fighting rise of the cooperative movement in this country; where is there one who can give life to the labor movement today, or follow faithfully a Senator back from Washington to his home state and make of him something else than a figure of fun or an object for heavy-handed satire? Is there a novelist who has discovered what any intelligent and curious individual might find out about what the leaders of our War or State Department have in store for us, or who can follow the daily existence of our envoys in Korea, Iran, or Greece?

A successful novel will reach ten or a hundred times as many readers as the best informed or clearest work of factual narrative. But these themes for literature are left to the journalists and the collectors of facts and the autobiographers. When the overwhelmingly important subjects of scientific discovery are presented, they are left to the romancers who produce the space ships, the one-eyed and spider-legged natives of Mars and Venus familiar to our pulp magazines, or to the industrious and hard-working non-fiction writers who have managed to absorb facts from the scientists and to translate them into the vulgate. As a case in point, there is the report on the guided-missile written by the brothers Joseph and Stewart Alsop in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, entitled "Are We Ready for a Push-Button War?" Both these relatively young men are the products of academic education in Yale and Harvard, where they may not have learned enough about science to hide under a thimble. Yet they have been able in spite of their duties in conducting their newspaper column to explain the incredibly complicated business of inventing the horrible weapons of super-scientific war before any possible enemy can create them. If the busy Alsops can manage to interview ninety-eight scientists and accumulate a mass of pertinent facts about so vast and difficult a project, and to describe a device as elaborate as the German V-2 rocket in terms that any reader who has been to grammar school can comprehend, then why cannot the novelist of today reproduce the human element that surrounds this unimaginable project and so bring the subject into the realm of creative fiction?

The writers who can command hundreds of thousands of readers for greater and more absorbing purposes than the evolution of somebody's love affair or the deviations of an alcoholic over a weekend will be produced by the law of necessity. Perhaps for the millions who are not students, but who are nevertheless eager to discover what this suddenly fantastic world is about, our novelists capable of this feat will begin to think, will permit their curiosity to absorb new regions and finally to look and study and learn as if they were preparing for an examination on how to write for the Atomic Age. Some of them who now are perhaps studying the antics of homo sapiens from the vantage point of the bars of Cuba or the bordellos of Mexico or a New York penthouse may see the light.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Not a Children's Pastime

SIR: The *SRL*'s chain of letters on bystanders might appropriately be concluded with the following from Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage":

> . . . indifference is a militant thing. It batters down the walls of cities and murders the women and children amid flames and the purloining of altar vessels. When it goes away, it leaves smoking ruins, where lie citizens bayoneted through the throat. It is not a children's pastime like mere highway robbery.

ROBERT E. SEGAL.

Boston, Mass.

What Books for Delinquent Youth?

SIR: I have read the interesting letters concerning what books might be best to take along for an extended stay on a yacht or a desert island. And I tender you a problem which is similar but, I believe, much less academic and perhaps more difficult.

I was recently appointed to defend a seventeen-year-old boy charged with burglary and larceny in an Illinois Circuit Court. The boy was without friends or funds. His mother and father had been divorced when he was a baby and his mother thriced remarried. Difficulties with his stepfather had led to his quitting high school after two years. Economic insecurity and weakness of character had led to a string of offenses involving juvenile delinquency or actual crime: these were chiefly petty, but gave him a very bad reputation.

After pleading guilty to larceny, the boy was not sentenced to the penitentiary, but placed on probation with six months' confinement in the county jail. This sentence will give him a much needed opportunity to think over his past conduct, without subjecting him to the undesirable associations which would be his in the penitentiary. Meanwhile, since, despite the fact of interrupted schooling, the boy likes to read, I have told him I would bring him books every week during his six months, with the hope that I might be able to avert any bitterness he might have, and improve his attitudes.

On the theory that you may consider this a worthwhile project, I should appreciate any suggestions you or your readers may have as to what books one might get for a boy in this situation. And damned be he who first cries "Crime and Punishment."

JAMES O. MONROE, JR.

Collinsville, Ill.

"The New Coast of Bohemia"

SIR: I was very sorry to see you propagate in a recent editorial [*SRL* Aug. 16] some of the fantastic ideas about young writers in California which originated in a thoroughly irresponsible article in *Harper's Magazine* by a Mrs. Brady entitled "The New Cult of Sex & Anarchy."

I happened to be in San Francisco at the time this article appeared, and was so startled by it that I arranged interviews with a large number of the writers mentioned by Mrs. Brady. I found that most of her theories about their work and ideals were pure products of her distorted imagination.

Mrs. Brady contends that the young writers of San Francisco and the Big Sur are under the spell of Wilhelm Reich. Apparently, however, it is Mrs. Brady herself who is under Reich's spell. Most of them had never read his books; a few who had thought they were rather laughable. Henry Miller knows Reich's work but does not take it seriously.

This one example is typical of Mrs. Brady's many mistakes and misrepresentations. Apparently no effort was made by her or the editors of *Harper's* to check facts.

J. LAUGHLIN.

Norfolk, Conn.

SIR: Alas! In Harrison Smith's editorial about easy virtue in the Bohemian writers' colony near San Francisco, we of New England see further evidence that the West is outstripping the East.

HALFORD R. HOUSER.

Hyannis, Mass.

SIR: Your editorial emphasizes what is, at the most, a very nebulous and tenuous relationship amongst a group of people who have achieved scant local recognition and whose national prominence is dependent wholly upon the *Harper's* article, an article in *Time*, and a series of articles in the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Certain it is that their influence extends nowhere near San Francisco, which has its Bohemian aspects but not to the extent suggested. The communities of Carmel and Monterey have produced their share of out of the ordinary artists, but these colonies were long ago in existence and in no way owe their reputation to the existence of Henry Miller at Big Sur.

The colony at Big Sur was probed deeply by the *Examiner* after being reported in *Harper's* and *Time*, and with typical Hearstian thoroughness, but scant evidence of the reported love cult was developed, at least it was so scant that not even the *Examiner* could hang a juicy story on it. At any rate, I'm curious to find these thousands of young artists, poets, and prose writers who "live in communion with the California sunshine, nourished on its fruits and cheap wines, their genius fed by affable and servile young women. . . ." If there are thousands of these people then there must be thousands of these affable and servile young women. I am at a loss to locate the latter, and the byways and paths of Big Sur, Carmel, Monterey, and San Francisco are scarcely labyrinthian enough to hide all of the former.

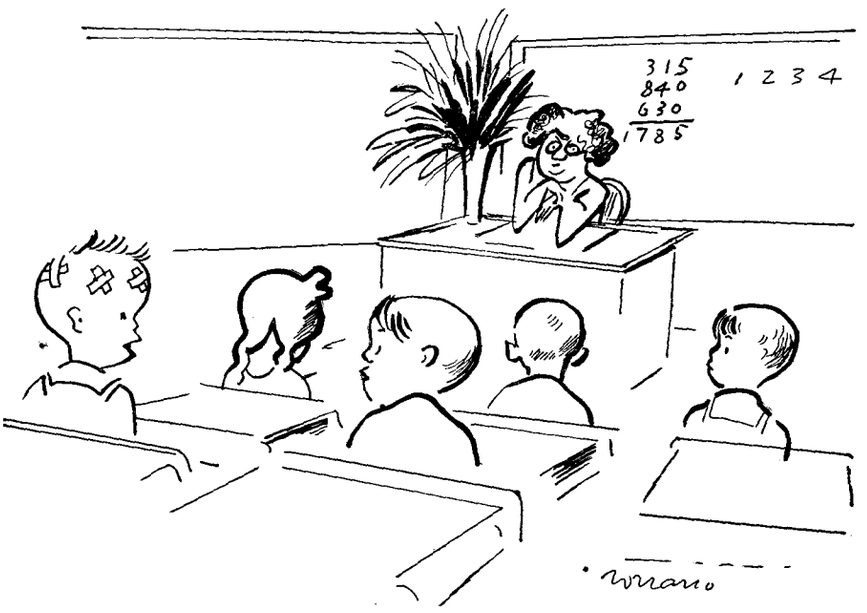
In a word, sir, I doubt very much that this group of which you speak has either the virility, the ability, or the cohesiveness to produce another Dos Passos, Lewis, or Hemingway, and I enter a mild objection to the necessity of writing an editorial on the subject.

ROSCOE D. JONES, JR.

Danville, Calif.

SIR: I gather from Mildred Edie Brady's article in *Harper's* and your comments on same that a budding Edna St. Vincent Millay, a budding Susan Glaspell, wouldn't be tolerated in the New Bohemia. The woman of the future will be allowed to create in only one way—produce babies so that the male may continue with his playful little wars.

However, I prefer to think that both



"Ask me anything. My father's been beating some sense into me."

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Miss Brady and you are unnecessarily alarmed. In the Greenwich Village of the 20's, the intricacies of sex were also ardently explored—isn't it by every new generation?—and the so-called intellectual male below 14th Street preferred his women simple and uncritical—and if she was a good cook, one who could get up a meal when there was little or nothing on the shelves over the gas stove, so much the better. A woman who would listen admiringly (and uncomprehendingly) for hours at a time while her superior, the male, harangued until he was hoarse on Marx and Ellis was the idea.

And no doubt in the new Bohemia—as in the old—there are ninety-eight phonies to two men of talent. Let's take another look at this New Bohemia in about ten years.

PAULINE LEADER.

New York, N. Y.

"Refugees in America"

SIR: Congratulations for obtaining for that much publicized book "Refugees in America" so distinguished a reviewer as Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild [*SRL* May 24].

"Refugees in America" is of immediate importance because the United States Government is considering admitting 400,000 additional refugees. National procedure should rest on the result of the best thinking of which the American public is capable. This thinking ought to be based on accurate and precise information. "Refugees in America" presents what its author considers factual material derived from an impressive study participated in by thousands of people and several hundred national and local agencies. The reviewer points out that this study was not only sponsored, but participated in, by the very bodies the success of whose work was being appraised.

It is regrettable that Dr. Fairchild's scholarly review should be followed by the type of letter to the editor written by Dr. Alvin Johnson and Dr. Maurice R. Davie [*SRL* July 5] and "A Subscriber" [*SRL* Aug. 2]. The answers to the vital questions raised by the reviewer are not answered by name-calling or by anger, sarcasm, or evasion. Incidentally, anyone who knows anything about Dr. Fairchild's personality and work knows he is the antithesis of the adjectives hurled at him by the wrathful, emotionally inspired writer who signed himself "A Subscriber" [*SRL* Aug. 2].

LENORE CATHERINE SMITH.

Cincinnati, O.

Right Author, Wrong Title

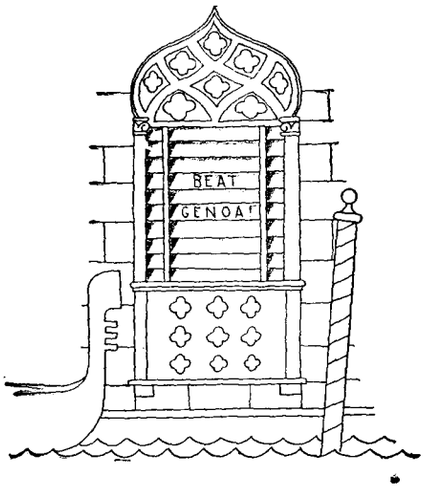
SIR: The Philip Barry play referred to in my article "Publisher's Eye View" [*SRL* Aug. 9] was "The Animal Kingdom" and not "Paris Bound." From the publisher's point of view, this certainly is an example of how little either author or publisher should trust his own memory.

JOHN FARRAR.

New York, N. Y.

Of Course!

SIR: High-school seniors do it frequently. I've even known a high-



school teacher to do it. But for someone on the *SRL* to do it, in print, on the editorial page [Aug. 2]—really, that's too much!

The heinous crime I'm referring to is the mispunctuation of O. Henry. Let's have no more O'Henrys in this literary publication, what?

ALLAN E. GOWER.

So. St. Paul, Minnesota.

Strange Distemper

SIR: In the course of my researches I fell on this amusing item from the book review section of the *North American Review* for October 1848 and thought it might be of some interest to the readers of *The Saturday Review:*

> Not many months ago, the New England States were visited by a distressing mental epidemic, passing under the name of the "Jane Eyre fever" which defied all the usual nostrums of the established doctors of criticism. Its effects varied with different constitutions, in some producing a soft ethical sentimentality, which relaxed all the fibers of conscience, and in others exciting a general fever of moral and religious indignation. It was to no purpose that the public were solemnly assured, through the intelligent press, that the malady was not likely to have any permanent effect either on the intellectual or moral constitution. The book which caused the distemper would probably have been inoffensive, had not some sly manufacturer of mischief hinted that it was a book which no respectable man should bring into his family circle. Of course, every family soon had a copy of it, and one edition after another found eager purchasers. The hero, Mr. Rochester . . . became a great favorite in the boarding-schools and also in the worshipful society of governesses.
>
> While the fathers and mothers were much distressed at this strange conduct of their innocents, and with a pardonable despair were looking for the dissolution of all the bonds of society, the publishers of "Jane Eyre" announced "Wuthering Heights," by the same author. When it came, it was purchased and read with universal eagerness; but, alas! it created disappointment almost as universal. It was a panacea for all the sufferers under the epidemic. Society returned to its old condition. . . . Thus ended the last desperate attempt to corrupt the virtue of the sturdy descendants of the Puritans.

AGNES HALSEY.

New York, N. Y.

Jane Austen's Cottage

SIR: We ask the hospitality of your columns, believing that many of your readers would be interested to hear of the existence of the Jane Austen Society and its aims.

This Society was founded in May 1940, with the object of getting possession of the house in Hampshire formerly known as Chawton Cottage. In this house Jane Austen lived with her mother and her sister Cassandra from 1809 until her death in 1817. All the novels except "Northanger Abbey" were written here in the form in which we have them.

The Cottage besides being of unique interest to lovers of Jane Austen's work is well worth preserving in itself. It is an L-shaped brick building, of early Georgian date, standing at the junction of the London, Winchester, and Portsmouth roads. A description of it in Jane Austen's day is found in chapter IV of the "Memoir," by J. E. Austen Leigh. It has long been divided into three tenements, but apart from a few minor alterations, it remains structurally as it was during the Austens' occupation.

It would not be possible to obtain vacant possession of the house as a whole, nor is this desired, but immediate possession would be assured of a large room on the ground floor, which (identifiable from its blocked-up window) was the Austens' drawing room. This would house some very interesting relics which have been promised, and form the nucleus of the place of pilgrimage the Society hopes to see established.

The Society's aim therefore is to buy and repair this house, to establish a caretaker, to keep the rest of the premises as living accommodation, but make certain rooms particularly associated with Jane Austen accessible to the public.

The owner has agreed to a price of £3,000. Thorough-going repairs are urgently needed. The Society therefore has set itself to raise at least £5,000.

Further information may be had from the Hon. Secretaries, Jordam Celton, Hampshire.

Subscriptions should be sent to: Messrs. Sheen, Stickland and Co., 71 High Street, Alton, Hampshire.

We are yours faithfully,

R. A. Austen Leigh
Elizabeth Bowen
David Cecil
R. W. Chapman
W. Hugh Curtis
Dorothy Darnell
Beecher Hogan
Elizabeth Tumkins
G. L. Keynes
Mary Lascelles
C. S. Lewis
Wilmarth S. Lewis
Edward Marsh
C. B. Tinker
Wellington
Clough William Ellis
Mervyn Winton.

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The World.

The inability of Americans to realize the explosive nature of this planet's crisis is the most important fact behind the facts of the world situation. The proverbial man from Mars would indeed be puzzled by this strange island of plenty in a world of want and limitless debris. The only means to understanding for those who cannot venture beyond our shores to see for themselves may be books written by the men who have been there. The trouble begins close to home. Two weeks ago our reviewing spotlight picked out the Caribbean, ably diagnosed in Blanshard's "Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean"; this week, swinging east, it touches on the Philippines where, David Bernstein tells us, we have a wrong to right, then arches towards Europe, the "European Cockpit," as William Henry Chamberlin aptly calls it in the title of his latest book. Chamberlin's hunger for a better world drives him to fury against the one we live in. As in his earlier books, he slashes about him—but again, chiefly, at Russia's leaders though not at her people.

Mortal Struggle

THE EUROPEAN COCKPIT. By William Henry Chamberlin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 328 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SHAPIRO

MR. CHAMBERLIN is the latest of a growing group of distinguished reporters to have succumbed to the temptation of turning out a journalistic quickie on and from what purports to be the inside of post-war Europe. In a series of persuasive thumbnail sketches, written after a four months' tour, largely confined to Western Europe, the author has summed up his reportorial investigations and restated the theses made familiar in his earlier writings, particularly in his dispatches to the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New Leader*, and the Hearst press.

The author found European civilization engaged in a fierce struggle for survival with forces inexorably advancing from the East; the whole continent has become a blood-stained cockpit for the battling champions of liberalism versus totalitarianism, individualism versus collectivism; and Europe's only hope and, with it, American security lie only in the organization of a federation of states actively encouraged and supported by the United States.

Mr. Chamberlin returned from Europe a very angry man. He sounds considerably more embittered by the state of the world than his earlier writings indicated. Where the picture is not all gloomy he writes with some sympathy and hopefulness for the "oases" of Switzerland and Sweden and for the few surviving democracies in Western Europe. His passionate anger is directed principally against Russia and the countries behind the iron curtain—which he did not visit. And because he is so bitterly partisan he cannot escape getting involved in a number of contradictions. The "thick veil of secrecy," behind the iron curtain, of which he writes for example, does not prevent him from giving fairly detailed accounts of Soviet machinations in those areas. Postulating "insatiable Soviet expansionism," Mr. Chamberlin asserts, "There is a strong probability that, unless there is some decisive check to Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe, most, if not all, of the countries now behind the iron curtain will be ultimately absorbed in the Soviet Union."

Mr. Chamberlin is too good an historian to ignore and oversimplify the play of cumulative, historical forces which brought about the present European tragedy, yet, in his crusading zeal to expose Stalin and Soviet "perfidy," that is what he unfortunately does. With Senator Vandenberg he asks, "What is Russia up to now? It is, of course, the supreme conundrum of our times." And although, apparently in agreement with Churchill's description of Soviet foreign policy as a "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," Mr. Chamberlin does not hesitate to tell us Stalin's precise intentions.

The Soviet Marxist gospel, according to him, contains a "fatalistic belief of the Soviet ruling class that there is an implacable antagonism between the Soviet Union and the foreign capitalist world and that wars are inevitable as long as capitalism remains." To prove this point he quotes Lenin: "It is inconceivable that the Soviet republic should continue to exist for a long period, side by side with imperialist states—ultimately one or the other must conquer." And by further citing Stalin's oft-misquoted, misinterpreted preelection speech of February 1946, on the causes of the first two world wars, the author, not quite logically, concludes that Stalin anticipates a third world war. Now by combining bits of fundamental Marxist doctrine, political slogans, and electioneering catchwords, it is fairly simple to prove that the Kremlin is made of red cheese. And, as serious a student of early Soviet history as Mr. Chamberlin has been, knows that it is equally easy to demonstrate — book, chapter, and verse—that "ideology is a matter of taste." that "capitalism and communism can coexist," that "war is avoidable," as Stalin has stressed in his most recent statements. Which are we to believe? Are the Russians both doctrinaire and opportunistic, simultaneously? They have amply demonstrated their flexibility in the past thirty years and the Soviet-German pact of 1939 is only one example thereof. Perhaps there is some clue in Stalin's report to the Eighteenth Party Congress, in which he said: "It would be ridiculous to expect that classical Marxist writers should have elaborated for our benefit ready-made solutions for each and every theoretical problem that might arise in any particular country. . . ." Is there any more reason to believe that Stalin has worked out a more detailed blueprint for world politics than any of his Marxist predecessors?

With the mature wisdom that comes after the event, Mr. Chamberlin is mercilessly critical of American "appeasement" at Moscow, Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam—a major cause of the European cockpit, he alleges. He suggests that had we been "tough" with the Russians from the very beginning we would have avoided our present headaches and won both the war and peace. The author cannot forgive Roosevelt, Hopkins, Morgenthau, and others for what might be termed "unconditional surrender" to Stalin. With little indignation for Nazi contribution to the brutalization of the world and with less sympathy for the problems of American administration in Germany, he cites enough German sources to prove that the Allies have committed almost all the atrocities the Germans were fond of

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perpetrating. There is neither justice nor wisdom in General Clay's political, economic, and denazification policies, if we are to believe the author's German sources.

In his lengthy excursion into American-Soviet relations Mr. Chamberlin cannot find one good word for F.D.R. and his advisors. The late Harry Hopkins is his favorite aversion and to him he dedicates such epithets as amateur, dilettante, arch-appeaser, *éminence grise*, court favorite. Hopkins, he thinks, was the arch-simpleton or arch-villain, who was taken in by Stalin's diabolical cunning from the very beginning, and it was he who in turn persuaded the president to submit all the way down the line.

I happened to be in Moscow when Hopkins arrived in the summer of 1941 and I covered his first press conference after his meeting with Stalin. It was at the time when high American and British general staff officers, pundits, and "experts," including Mr. Chamberlin, were confidently predicting the imminent collapse of the Red Army.

It was the amateur Mr. Hopkins who then told an incredulous world that the Russians would fight to final victory. Lend-Lease to Russia and its incalculable contribution to that victory followed. Four years later, on Mr. Hopkins's last trip to Russia I asked him on what he had based what sounded like a recklessly optimistic forecast at the time, to which he replied that Stalin had showed him enough about Red Army reserves, potential, and over-all plans to change his views on the prospects of the war. It was Roosevelt's task to keep the Russians fighting while we were still inadequately prepared. There was considerable nervousness among Allied leaders, even at the time of Teheran and Yalta, when the outcome of the war was no longer in question, that the Russians who had already bled by the millions, might slow down in the final stages of the war and not give the Allied invasion of "fortress Europe" the support it needed. Mr. Chamberlin does not speculate on what the Soviet reaction might have been had his "get tough" policy been adopted then, when so much was in the balance. What actually happened is history. It was largely Roosevelt's policies that kept the delicate wartime coalition going to the end and enabled us to win the war more economically than we had reason to expect. Teheran and Yalta were not the one-sided affairs it is now fashionable to believe they were. And, as Mr. Chamberlin, pessimistic as he is, admits, with a wise, realistic foreign policy it is not too late to win the peace.

Our Duty Still

THE PHILIPPINE STORY. By David Bernstein. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1947. 276 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

WHEN the United States handed the Philippines political independence on July 4, 1946, most Americans looked up from their worries about Russia long enough to nod approval. True, there were a few strings attached to the Islands — military bases, a free-trade agreement, a safeguard for American investors, a certain amount of money to be paid out to the Filipinos. But it could be argued, and it was, that these strings were for the benefit of the Filipinos, more than for the Americans. There was little doubt in most American minds that the United States had done its duty.

Mr. Bernstein argues that the United States has a still further duty. After a devastating war in which they remained loyal to the United States, the Islands are bankrupt. In the eyes of most Filipinos it was the promise, and the duty, of the United States to repair the damage and hand back the going concern invaded and destroyed by the Japanese. There is little question that this has not been done. In Mr. Bernstein's opinion the result is a crisis in Philippine-American relations with Filipinos becoming increasingly angry at what they consider an American injustice.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Forgotten Man

What should the United States do?

> The Filipinos cannot set out on adult life, to make their way frail and penniless, without a financial grant from the United States. . . . American help, for the last time, must be in the form of an outright gift. It should be worked out on the basis of a twenty-five-year period of reconstruction, with sums to be made available as the needs develop. . . . The purpose of this grant, it must be realized, would not be to aid American capitalists who wish to invest in the Philippines. It must be, quite simply, to assist the Filipino people in building

(*Continued on page* 32)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

APPELLATIVES OF CHARACTERS

The characters in this week's quiz were widely known by their nicknames. From the brief sketches given below, can you identify them? Allowing 5 points for each character you can name and 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 31.

1. Because of his remarkable prowess in keeping a wigwam in venison, this early American hunter was known as the Deerslayer.
2. Because of his adroitness in evading the police, this youthful pickpocket was called the Artful Dodger.
3. After this rubbish remover inherited 100,000 pounds from his miserly employer he was known as the Golden Dustman.
4. This young actress's doting parents admiringly spoke of her as the Infant Phenomenon.
5. Sherlock Holmes termed this professor of higher mathematics the Napoleon of Crime.
6. This sleuth, who holds such degrees as Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., M.D., and M.D.S., is known as the Thinking Machine.
7. Perhaps because of his dark ways and vain tricks this smiling card-sharp was bitterly referred to by his victim as the Heathen Chinese.
8. In infancy he had been disfigured by cuts running from the sides of his mouth to his ears, so he became a mountebank known as the Man Who Laughs.
9. This unscrupulous politician was referred to as the Big Lion.
10. Because of his large, red, and pimply nose, this corporal's commanding officer called him the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

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Poetry.

An age that has been inured to the agony of war, that has been brought up on concern with the mechanics of existence, that has been hardened on the naturalistic and often sidetracked into the metaphysical still finds some of its finest expression in the verse that concerns itself with the beautiful and the lovable. Thus, we have two of our elder and most distinguished poets, like Robert Hillyer and Mark Van Doren, dealing with the charms of nature and the griefs and joys of the world of childhood. And if some of the grimmer side of country life enters into the reactions of the Irish poet Patrick Kavanagh, still his treatment of the Irish countryside and the Irish folk ever and again evinces the poet beneath the critic.

Grace and Elegance

POEMS FOR MUSIC, 1917-1947. By *Robert Hillyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1947. 83 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE REVIEWER admires the terse grace and disciplined elegance of many of the seventy poems which Mr. Hillyer has selected from the work of half a lifetime. There is a great deal in the little book which is skilful, unpretentious, and poignant. Landor, it is not too much to say, might well have approved. Mr. Hillyer knows that meaning which develops no heat isn't meaning, just as he is aware that heat which develops no meaning is just friction in eccentric gears which might just as well have not revolved at all. He cleaves to the direct and the simple. And if the unkind object to what they are apt to call archaic form, then the unkind should be reminded that few things are archaic, if they are heat-treated. Not all the poems are wholly successful in the sight of the reviewer. One or two effects are labored. Here and there something fails to come off, "which can happen to Catullus." But Mr. Hillyer, as a rule, has a lucky hand, and his victories outnumber or outweigh his defeats.

In a brief review one can only draw attention to the especially striking. "Out of Lucretius" is a noble rephrasing of an idea which was hoary when Democritus first wrote it down for the benefit of the Roman, but which is just as apposite now as it ever was. "Visitants in a Country House at Night" is grim and touching. "Remote" and "The Dance Will End at Midnight" did something to us, for one. Perhaps this passage from "Dark Ocean" will exhibit Mr. Hillyer's quality as well as any:

— — — — Earth began
Gradually to forget

Daylight and distance. And with darkness, storm
Flickered from sky to sky. There was no trace
Now of a path or dune, color or form,
Or sense of time and place.

Then loneliness engulfed in voids more lonely
Dwindled away in that immensity
Where there were neither stars nor moon, but only
The roaring of the sea.

The brilliant adaptation of a line from the eerie "Ballad of Thomas of Erceldoune" is a stroke to be noticed —and envied.

—*Pach Bros.*

"It is not too much to say Landor might well have approved" a great deal in Robert Hillyer's book of verse.

Mark Van Doren: "However young . . . the child is already a person and as such to be neither patronized nor worshipped."

A Child's World

THE CARELESS CLOCK. By Mark Van Doren. New York: William Sloane Associates. 1947. 114 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is a collection of poems for the most part about children, rather than to them or for them; written with a deep perception of, and respect for, the scope and dignity of the subject. They are neither sentimental nor attitudinous; there is none of the arch and artificial cuteness that so often mars poems which adults write about childhood. The child, to Mr. Van Doren, is a subject no less important, complex, and infinite in its variations than any other, no less worthy of the best thought that a poet can give to it. The child's world, though it may appear simple, is charged with relatively tremendous grief and joy, fear and hope, purpose and defeat. "However young he may be," says Mr. Van Doren, "the child is already older than he knows . . . he is, in brief, a person, and as such is to be neither patronized nor worshipped."

It is difficult for an adult to catch so perfectly the perspective, and to interpret with such delicacy the fantasies and the free association impressions of a very young child, yet in "Second Summer Songs" the poet here appears to do just that. And because it has to be in words which the child himself could not use, the legerdemain is the more deft:

Come down, leaves,
And run here, all you
Sticks that walk
And stones that talk . . .

The wagon is letting
Its four wheels sleep
And the seventy blocks
Are asleep in their box . . .

There is a section of lullabies and little songs for children, as rhythmical and enchanting as old nursery rhymes:

Down dip the branches,
The long leafy branches,
Down dip the branches
To bring old robin in . . .

You can sing this to the tune of the well loved "Go tell Aunt Betsy, her old grey goose is dead." Like De la Mare, Mr. Van Doren catches the im-

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aginative, playful, little-story charm in such poems as:

Old Ben Golliday
Jumped off the wagon box
And trotted with his horses
Clop clop clop . . .

There are poems about growing a little older, of that in-between world of adolescence, with its reticences and withdrawals, its poignant innocence and pathetic confusions, its baffling elusiveness and self-sufficiency. Mr. Van Doren in these poems particularly looks at his subject with understanding and with wise courtesy, his humor is never condescending; he never intrudes, but observes with a rare delicacy and the accuracy of true interest and sympathy. There are poems about the relationship of parent and child, of those rare moments of perfect rapport which come of themselves and can only be recognized, not analyzed:

. . . I may remember
Only a month of this. Or a God's hour.

Yet I remember, and my father said
He did; the moment spherical, that age
Fixes and gilds; eternity one evening
Perfect, such as maybe my own sons,
And yours, dear, will boast of in their time.

And there are a few poems to a soldier son, tender and restrained and deeply moving.

Mr. Van Doren's style is as varied as his subject, sometimes simple and lucid, sometimes, in the reflective poems, cryptic and rather oblique and complex in imagery. There are a few poems in a mood of fantasy, again like De la Mare, "Spectral Boy," for instance, and "Poor House Dream," faintly macabre in mood and with a dreamlike elusiveness.

These are poems not for a single reading, but to be returned to and savored again. The book is illustrated by Waldo Peirce, the distinguished American artist, whose own feeling for the wealth and variety of childhood perfectly complements the poet's, and makes the book a delight to the eye as well as to the heart and the ear.

—Illustrations from "A Careless Clock."

The Tang of Sloes

A SOUL FOR SALE: Poems by Patrick Kavanagh. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 54 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

IN PATRICK KAVANAGH peasant Ireland has a poet. But "peasant Ireland" needs an explanation.

Perhaps there are some readers of this critique who can recall an early poem of Yeats's—"Song of the Old Mother." The mother rises at dawn and blows the seed of the fire into a glow; she goes on with the household tasks while the young can take it easy because they have their dreams; she works until the fire has to be covered again, "for the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold." One feels that the old mother is aware that all she does has been done for generations, and that there is something over and above hardship in her doing of them—felt custom and felt community are in what she does. What she says goes to a traditional lilt in the verse and there is little effectiveness in it. But this awareness of custom and community is fading in the Irish countryside, and the poets of today have little support in the pieties that meant so much in the days of W. B. Yeats and Douglas Hyde. The older poets took their matter from a folk; today's poets take theirs from the individual peasant.

Patrick Kavanagh writes under this new dispensation. His verse has no longer a traditional lilt with the overtones of folk-poetry: again and again we catch a rhythm that recalls "The Waste Land." But "A Soul for Sale" is of the Irish countryside, and its figures are recognizable as the farmers and priests, the boys and girls of a parish. He mints phrases that bring the countryside and the people to us:

will awake for us and bring
You and me to the yard gate to watch the whins
And the bog-holes, cart-tracks, old stables where Time begins.

How good is the contrast made between the old priest of the country parish and his young modern curate! The old priest:

He was part of the place,
Natural as a round stone in a grass field;
He could walk through a cattle fair,
And the people would only notice his odd spirit there.

or:

The axle-roll of a rut-locked cart
Broke the burnt stick of noon in two.

The poet, remembering the sentimental treatment of Irish country people by certain poets is determined to be hard and disillusioned. But he goes too far in this recoil from sentimentality. It's all very well to demolish Tom Moore as an Irish poet as he does in "A Wreath for Tom Moore's Statue," but it is absurd to denounce Tom Moore in the terms that Patrick Kavanagh uses; besides, one has, in satire, to make a gesture towards being just, and, in Tom Moore's case, that would entail recognition of three or four of his poems as being well worth remembering: Kavanagh makes no such gesture.

Perhaps it is because he belongs to a transition period that this poet is so unequal: Patrick Kavanagh has not made up his mind whether he should celebrate or satirize. In "The Great Hunger" he attempts to give monumental treatment to the peasant. But he also wants to satirize the joylessness of the countryside: to do this he has to give his Pat Maguire an extra raw deal by giving him a vinegary sister as well as a dominating mother. When Patrick Kavanagh is wholehearted he writes poems that have the tang of sloes pulled off the bushes — "Pegasus," "Father Mat," "Blue Bells for Love," "A Christmas Childhood," "In Memory of My Father," "Art McCooey," "Spraying the Potatoes" are such poems.

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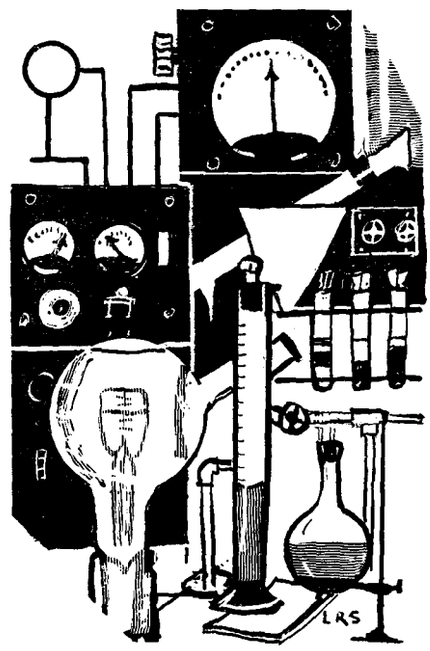
Science.

Harrison Brown, former assistant director of the plutonium laboratory at Oak Ridge, who reviews George Gamow's book below, has been given what is literally the broadest assignment ever turned over to a scientist. Under him the University of Chicago has set up a research unit for the purpose of determining the age of the universe. Brown was in New York recently, and we had occasion to discuss his new job with him. "What universe are you trying to measure?" we asked. "Is it the solar universe, or the universe whose limits are determined by your most powerful observatory telescopes, or the theoretic universe—or the universe beyond that which reduces the largest theoretic conception to the size of a pea?" This set Brown off into a whirling discussion of infinity. Before he was halfway through, he had trapped himself into doing a review for us of "One, Two, Three . . . Infinity." . . . Mr. Knaggs, author of our second book, has managed to mold out of ordinary wax a story as fascinating and unusual as Mr. Gamow's studies of the universe.

Of Entropy and Genes

ONE, TWO, THREE . . . INFINITY. By George Gamow. New York: Viking Press. 1947. 335 *pp.* $4.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON BROWN



IT WOULD be a dismal world indeed if all books on art were concerned only with commercial art, if all printed discussions of histrionics were concerned only with cowboy motion pictures, and if all books on music were concerned only with the successes of popular song writers. Yet, the equivalent has existed in the United States for nearly two decades in the field of conveying the ideas and concepts of science to non-scientists. In spite of the high state of development of American science, American popular science writing has maintained an annoyingly low quality. Until George Gamow published his first popular book, the United States could boast of pitifully few, if any, science popularizers who even remotely approach the lucidity of such men as Born, Eddington, Haldane, Huxley, or Jeans. Instead of expounding the beauties of the pure sciences, most American science writers have concerned themselves primarily with such prosaic topics as television, rockets, plastics, athlete's foot, and now atomic energy *à la The American Weekly*. Science as an end in itself, science without technological cheesecake, has been sadly ignored.

There have been a few notable exceptions to this generalization, such as Gilbert Lewis's "Anatomy of Science," Einstein and Infeld's "Evolution of Physics," and more recently Selig Hecht's "Explaining the Atom"; but in general these have been single works. Gamow now has six popular books to his credit, all of them of excellent quality.

In "One, Two, Three . . . Infinity," as in his other books, George Gamow succeeds where others fail because of his remarkable ability to combine technical accuracy, choice of material, dignity of expression, and readability. He does not talk down to his audience, nor does he talk up to it. He discusses a variety of topics, all of them falling within the realm of unadulterated science, as distinct from the world of pseudo-science painted for Americans by most of our science writers.

Gamow's first popular book "The Birth and Death of the Sun" discusses stellar evolution and in particular the life history of our sun as interpreted on the basis of recent findings in nuclear physics. His second book, "The Biography of the Earth," discusses the evolution of the earth from the time of its formation through the time of the birth of the moon, the formation of life, and the evolution of modern man. His third and fourth books, "Mr. Tompkins in Wonderland" and "Mr. Tompkins Explores the Atom," are delightful fantasies consisting of the dreams of a bank cashier who has attended some popular lectures in physics. Gamow's fifth book, "Atomic Energy in Cosmic and Human Life," deals primarily with the foundation of modern nuclear physics.

"One, Two, Three . . . Infinity," his sixth book, is similar to his first two books, although of even greater scope. In it the author conveys to the reader, in a general way, a picture of the universe as the scientists of today view it. He makes no attempt to be all-inclusive. Instead, he has carefully selected subjects according to their apparent importance and degree of interest.

The discussion starts with a survey of the mathematics of "big numbers" (695879048564638495487620387 46, as an example). This is followed by a discussion of the meaning of infinity and whether or not one infinity can be greater than, or less than, another. With big numbers as a background, the reader is taken through the gamut of imaginary numbers, topology, the world of four dimensions, and the relativity of space and time.

Molecules, atoms, and nuclei are next in the order of discussion, and this is followed by excellent descriptions of disorder, probability, and entropy.

The last third of the book will probably be the most interesting to those of philosophic nature. Here the author discusses such fascinating and still nebulous subjects as the origin of life, the creation of the elements, and the formation of the stars and plants. In the latter connection, persons with philosophic leanings will be interested in reading about the new and remarkably successful theory of the origin of the solar system propounded by Weizäcker. This new theory, which thus far appears to be eminently reasonable, leads to the conclusion that our solar system is far from unique. Indeed, if the theory is correct, there are probably billions of other solar systems in the universe, out of which the chances are fair that at least a few million planets are in existence, similar to the earth in physical characteristics. This leaves ample room for speculation as to the uniqueness of life as we know it.

But perhaps the best description of the book is given by Gamow himself, slightly modifying Lewis Carroll:

> "The time has come," the Walrus said,
> "To talk of many things,
> Of atoms, stars, and nebulae,
> Of entropy and genes."

Let us hope that the author continues to write of "atoms, stars, and nebulae, of entropy and genes" with the vigor, clarity, and imagination that he has demonstrated in the creation of this volume.

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Whales and Bees

ADVENTURES IN MAN'S FIRST PLASTIC. THE ROMANCE OF NATURAL WAXES. By Nelson S. Knaggs. New York: Reinhold Publishing Corp. 1947. 318 *pp. Index.* $6.75.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

NATURE, Mr. Knaggs tells us, provides waxes from the most heterogeneous sources. The whale and the bee, the palm tree and certain insects, even mineral deposits give us these materials whose uses are yet more varied than their origins. It is not surprising therefore that Mr. Knaggs roams through the widest range of time and space in telling the story of man's first plastic through the ages.

The Egyptians used wax as an essential material for embalming their dead. Artists for many centuries have used the "lost wax" process for casting their bronzes. Wax fills many industrial and domestic needs, some essential for war production so that waxes are now included among the strategic materials.

This is no ordinary book about the history, geography, and technology of wax. Mr. Knaggs has made his book a vastly entertaining description of travel in exotic places, and of the fauna and flora which serve man's wants for this essential substance. His opening chapter describes the search for wax-bearing palms in the Amazon region. Rarely has the jungle, its few simple inhabitants, and the lonely immensity of the great river been more effectively pictured. The author's travels in search of natural waxes took him to other places equally difficult to reach and therefore little known. Whether he is writing about his journeys or about the lives of whale, bee, or insect, or telling the secrets of the mummies of Egypt, or of casting by the "lost wax" method, Mr. Knaggs shows unusual skill in making his narrative enjoyable and quite comprehensible to the unscientific reader.

Possibly the title will not tempt many readers and this is too bad, for the book is unusually entertaining. It might well serve as a model of successful accomplishment in popularizing a technical subject. Those who like stories of travel and adventure and who don't mind picking up by the way accurate information on archeology, biology, history, and techniques of art and industry will find this unique book a delightful surprise.

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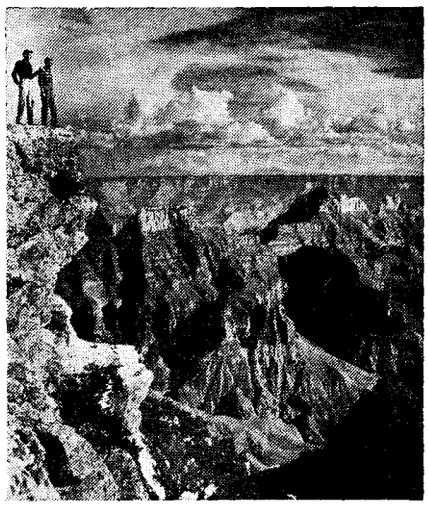
BOOKED for TRAVEL

UP IN UNCLE'S PARK

BACK in 1892 a legislator arose in Congress and argued hotly that in developing the National Parks, domestic travel, particularly to the West, could be placed on a competitive basis with Europe. In 1914 when travel abroad was actually closed, trips inside the U. S. became popular, and the government was required to develop its own tourist facilities. The National Park service has since been so well developed that visitors to the parks, monuments, and historical sites during this past July totaled nearly 5,000,000 persons. A year-end count of 24,000,000 is expected—it will be a new record.

Yellowstone, the first National Park, was the subject of many rumors of the early 1800's before it was officially discovered. A well-known trader and hunter named James Bridger first toured parts of Yellowstone in 1830. From then on, until his death in 1881, the trader tried to publish stories of the unbelievable sights he had witnessed. Astute editors forwarded him what stood for rejection slips then, and his unpublished stories in the scriveners' set became known as "Jim Bridger's lies."

Today Yellowstone's famous geysers, its bubbling paint pots, its canyons, and its hot springs, are famous all over the world. Among the hundreds of thousands who visited the park this year was Tom Dewey, and advices out of the West indicate that he attracted a pilgrimage of the local leaders that lasted for over a week, and that generally speaking he got more attention than the bears.



—Union Pacific Railroad.

In one park 3,000,000 bats and no insects.

Yellowstone is already closed to rail travelers, but will remain open for limited touring by motorists until October 15. Many other National Parks in milder climate stay open all year. Yosemite, 150 miles east of San Francisco, was recently returned by the Navy after its use as a rest camp during the war and is open again in all seasons. Typical of the big parks, which Stephen Mather, first National Park Service director, called "the lodestones of the West," Yosemite has no government-sponsored accomodations, relies on private enterprises for all its tourist services. Some of its lodges and camps close in September, but the Ahwahnee remains open all year. It holds 200 people, is located 400 feet above sea level on the north side of Yosemite Valley. Rates run about $13 a day per person, American plan, and there is a ten per cent discount on stays of seven days and longer. Green fees are fifty cents a day, tennis at fifty cents per court per hour. Yosemite Lodge, a colony of redwood cabins with central buildings, has a September-to-May season at about $4 per person per day without food.

Although most of the nature parks are in the wide open West, and most of the historical sites in the East, the most-visited area is the Great Smokies National Park, which sits astride the Tennessee and North Carolina border. There is a park in Maine and one in Virginia, one in Alaska and another in Hawaii, twenty-seven in all. Collectively they offer perhaps the greatest and weirdest assemblage of protected wild life in the world, from the eyeless fish of Kentucky to the bats of New Mexico. The fish live in the depths of Echo River which flows underground in Mammoth Cave National Park. Having had no need for eyes for hundreds of centuries, the fish lost the power of sight, and now have no traces of eye-sockets. About the bats, they live in the Carlsbad Caverns National Park, and every nightfall a few million of them sally forth on what has become known popularly as an all-night bat. The outward flight lasts for three hours, and in one foray 3,000,000 of them can eat eleven and one-half tons of insects. The bats roll home the following dawn, and hang by their legs with their heads down for the rest of the day. Looks like the expression of a mass guilt complex, they say.

HORACE SUTTON.

—Northern Pacific Railway.

. . . In another, thousands of visitors and politicians.

Fillip to Tourists

YOUR WESTERN NATIONAL PARKS. By Dorr Yeager. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 288 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD L. ICKES

DORR YEAGER, who has been with the National Park Service for twenty years, many of them in the parks themselves, has, in this book, written an informative and interesting guide to the notable National Parks and National Monuments that lie, almost without exception, west of the Mississippi River, but within the continental domain of the United States. Probably twenty or more million people may be expected to visit these parks and monuments this year and every year.

It is obvious that Mr. Yeager loves our National Parks. He speaks of them kindly and gently, with a lover's enthusiasm. It is because of this that his book makes one want to get up and go to see the wonders that he describes. He includes, as every author of a good guide book does, interesting bits of history, occasional anecdotes, and suggestions as to what to see and what to wear.

Mr. Yeager has written with the authority that his years in the Park Service warrant. With one exception, there are no errors, and that one occurs when he is describing, not the wonders of nature, but of men. Even this is due probably to the fact that the book was written before events had changed the situation. In his introductory chapter, "A Word About the Parks," he writes,

> Thus far the National Park Service has been fairly successful in combating efforts on the part of special interests to invade the na-

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tional parks and monuments. . . . But the National Park Service has stuck by its guns and will continue to do so, maintaining that the mountain meadows and the waterfalls and the virgin forests belong as much to the citizens of Rhode Island or Iowa or Maine as to anyone else. . . .

Undoubtedly, when Mr. Yeager penned these sentences, he was unaware that within a few months, the man who wrote the introduction, Newton B. Drury, Director of the National Park Service, would be giving approval to a scheme by which some 50,000 acres of the incomparable rain forest, containing thousands of the finest trees of Olympic National Park, would be turned over to the lumber interests. This appreciative chronicler of the wonders of our magnificent National Parks that are so few in number and so trifling in actual area, as compared with our total land mass, undoubtedly feels saddened when he reflects that Secretary J. A. Krug of the Department of the Interior has been persuaded by Director Drury to count himself on the side of those who would rape this unique park—Secretary Krug, who asked when he dedicated the park, "Can we preserve too much of this kind of beauty in America?" Doubtless Mr. Yeager, if he had been asked, would have answered this question in the negative. Even today, it is not to be doubted what his answer would be, in his heart, although he might conclude that discretion called for silence.

Harold L. Ickes, former Secretary of the Interior, is a member of the National Forest Reservation Committee and the National Parks Trust Fund. He has a syndicated column and practises law.

Motor Guides

LET'S VISIT OUR NATIONAL PARKS. By Byron Steel. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1947. 224 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT SHANKLAND

THE IDEA of park-to-park tours, which the late Stephen T. Mather originated thirty years ago, has here been usefully appropriated. Mr. Steel has laid out thirty-four motor routes, starting in six cities—New York, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle—each route designed to take the tourist to several national parks and scenes of historic interest. He tabulates serviceable information about each park and in essence has compiled a wieldy, one-shot amalgam of the nation's road maps, park folders, and guides to board and lodging.

Naturally, with so comprehensive a program, the author has had to walk an exacting line, and occasionally his foot slips. He gives no more space (seven pages) to Yellowstone, an area nearly as large as the State of Connecticut, than to Sequoia, much smaller and considerably less varied in its attractions. And he has elected to omit Jackson Hole National Monument, which borders on and completes Grand Teton National Park, while devoting precious room to a token list of New York night clubs. In spite of these shortcomings and a few small inexactitudes, Mr. Steel's ingeniously conceived book deserves a place among the baggage of every park-bound motorist. Though it needs intelligent supplementation, it offers a great deal of information in compact form.

Robert Shankland, contributor to Good Housekeeping, This Week, *and the* American Mercury, *is writing a biography of Stephen Mather, first director of the National Park Service.*

Western Panegyrics

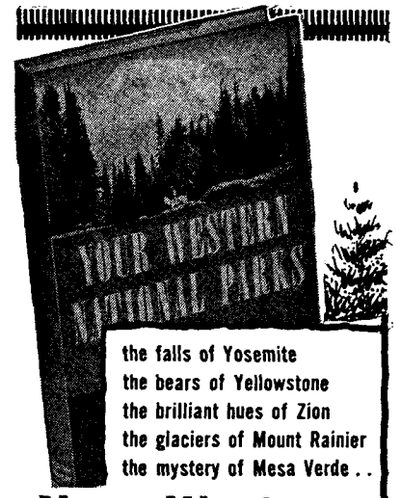
ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN YOSEMITE. By Carl Parcher Russell. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1947. 193 *pp.* $3.75.

ALONG SIERRA TRAILS: Kings Canyon National Park. By Joyce and Josef Muench. New York: Hastings House. 1947. 101 *pp.* $2.50.

EXPLORING OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND MONUMENTS. By Devereux Butcher. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 160 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

AFTER all is said and done, there's nothing like the West. Ask any Westerner. Ask this reviewer. Open the Muenchs' magnificent little book of photographs of the High Sierras and see sunlight glint on the high, bare peaks and you feel again an excitement long remembered but somehow subdued to the mood of the East's gently rolling green contours. Or pick up Mr. Butcher's record of alphabetical meanderings among the Nation's formally dedicated playgrounds—his book is full of useful facts of every description, but it is hard to bring the eye to heel when here, all at once and breathtakingly, is the Grand Teton again, Death Valley's monumentally carved aloneness, and the immaculate undulations of White Sands. Looking at these pictures, one's economic in-



the falls of Yosemite
the bears of Yellowstone
the brilliant hues of Zion
the glaciers of Mount Rainier
the mystery of Mesa Verde . .

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sight goes suddenly blind in both eyes, and one gets to wondering why anybody lives in the East, after all.

Still, maybe the far perspective has its uses, for Mr. Russell, who for so many years was Yosemite Park Naturalist, though now Chief Naturalist of the National Park Service, has written a book about Yosemite which is full of information about this California showplace and yet pictorially blind to it. Maybe we are asking too much of Mr. Russell, who has written a book with an orthodox historical purpose, in the tradition of Hiram M. Chittendon's classic on Yellowstone Park. General Chittendon's book has gone through Lord knows how many editions, and "One Hundred Years in Yosemite" has itself now been elaborated from the original edition of 1932.

If you have been to Yosemite, Mr. Russell's book will interest you; if you buy it while there, it will more than interest you; and if you, like the record in black and white about the historic nooks and crannies of our country, you'll find a lot of odd and diverting stuff here. But Mr. Russell warns you frankly not to look for a guide book, and appreciation of Yosemite is mostly a matter tacitly accepted by him and his readers. The book is illustrated with photographs new and old, and has a provocative though somewhat inadequate map.

Dale L. Morgan wrote "The Great Salt Lake" in the American Lakes Series and "The Humboldt: Highroad of the West" in the Rivers of America Series.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 11*)

and the sailor is bound by his Circe, falling in love with and then marrying the girl, Eve. And if that hints of allegory, the good and live telling of that romance deserves emphasis. The day comes, too soon as always, when he has to go back to sea again. This time, as befits a man with a woman behind to consider, he shies away from tankers, and signs on the *SS Sauk City*, a Liberty freighter.

Eventually, a torpedo sends her to the bottom. Duncan is one of the few to reach a lifeboat; and after a long and desperate cruise, a British ship rescues him and the other few survivors, and carries them into Trinidad, that haven which became known as "Torpedo Junction" because of so many like deliveries.

All this is told with a verisimilitude that makes it much more than just "a story about the war." Duncan goes down to the sea in all the lonely pride of what it meant to be a merchant seaman when a tugboat was all the Navy could assign as protecting escort, when ships were being sunk faster than they could be built, and bloody oil fouled the shoreline of a continent.

The portraits are all true, the sea lawyers, mates, skippers, and pilots; and so are the people on the docks, the girls of the ports. Eve emerges with lively reality, and when the sailor marries his doxy, he does so out of a reaction as rightly tuned to her provocations as his response later in a lifeboat, when the sea's immensity makes him bigger than he knows.

These things are told with the casualness in which they were always done. And perhaps that is the key to the story's merit, for it is all put down in the manner of that war on the water, a thing sprawling yet integral; it is a full but even chronicle of a period when all ships trespassed on what was for some a German ocean.

Old Dade Dies

THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST. By Loula Grace Erdman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 234 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

WHOLESOME as the smell of home-made bread just out of the oven and warm as geraniums blooming in a kitchen window, the ninth winner of the Dodd, Mead-*Redbook* Prize Novel Award is an account of three days in the lives of a substantial family of Missouri farmers.

When telephones began to ring in houses near and far, early on a Thursday morning, neighbors and relations learned that Old Dade Kenzie had died. His passing set in motion the traditional ritual of death, the gathering of friends and of family, vast preparations in the kitchen, offers of help and hasty cleaning, but most of all it stirred in the memories of his family and the community all that he had meant to them. On Friday the appointed preparations went forward, on Saturday came the funeral and a gradual dispersal of those who had traveled fast to be present. And all the time Old Dade, who had been such a force in the countryside, prosperous, secure, so big and firm that his children and grandchildren, and

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his employees as well, drew for their own strength on his security, occupied their thoughts.

Old Miss Laura Meeks, who has always loved him and whom he would surely have married (she thought) if Ellie Sparks hadn't come visiting her cousins, felt desolate now that her only living contemporary was gone. In the cemetery Charlie Vane thought about him too, while he rested from digging the grave, turning over in his mind some of the things about Dade Kenzie no one else but himself knew; and Virgie Meádors, her new baby safely delivered, thought with gratitude of the decent future which her child could hope for, because of the security and self-respect which Old Dade's employ had given her husband.

To everyone Old Dade meant something different; to Beulah, the wife of his grandson Mark, a way of life full of dignity and tradition which she and Mark could carry on for the whole family; to Allison, his granddaughter, who had married and gone to live in Hollywood with her author husband, strength and a fierce personal independence which she admired but could never satisfactorily analyze. Ole Dade had not always been understanding, nor had he had great pleasure from his children and grandchildren, somehow, but he was ineradicably woven into the pattern of their lives.

This is no novel for the super-sophisticated and cynical; it bears no trace of that curse of modern America, the fear of "being a sucker" or "sticking your neck out." Here are the simple virtues, neighborliness, kindliness, domestic devotion, sturdy endurance. Skilfully, because unobtrusively, Miss Erdman shows the closely knit fabric of the community, its contented isolation, its narrow limits and warm understanding, its knowing acceptance of faults and admiration (sometimes grudging) of virtues. She measures with affectionate knowledge the dignity and reassurance which traditional rituals bring at times of birth and death. And she has created a moving tribute to those remembered Edens, whose horizons were narrow but whose roots struck deeply into the nourishing earth, and from which so many Americans have sprung.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Natty Bumppo, in "The Deerslayer," by James Fenimore Cooper. 2. Jack Dawkins, in "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens. 3. Nicodemus Boffin, in "Our Mutual Friend," by Charles Dickens. 4. Ninetta Crummles, in "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens. 5. Prof. James Moriarty, in "The Adventure of the Empty House," by Conan Doyle. 6. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, in "The Thinking Machine," by Jacques Futrelle. 7. Ah Sin, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte. 8. Gwynplaine, in "The Man Who Laughs," by Victor Hugo. 9. Hank Martin, in "A Lion Is in the Streets," by Adria Locke Langley. 10. Corporal Bardolph, in "Henry IV," by William Shakespeare.

Family Chronicle

THE LOVING ARE THE DARING. By Brooke Conway. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1947. 283 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

TO THIS chronicle of a Midwestern German-American family of the early 1900's, we may raise objections which are particularly important now, I think, when the reading public, always so much in the clutches of our authors, is in a position to confirm or repudiate, by its decisions, the principles underlying the battle of World War II. For while Miss Conway's book is not an important one, it is so fraught, in its telling, with prejudices which still gather, fester, erupt, that it presents a very good example of the serious responsibilities of an author which have, in this case, been rather poorly carried.

If Miss Conway were attacking her story from a sociological viewpoint—if she were saying, here is the story of Claudia Kraemer, her children, her stepchildren, and the way that poverty rounds their life as prejudices weaken and perseverance strengthens it—she might have to offer, despite the flimsiness of her novel, an interesting social picture. However, inasmuch as she apparently regards her story as a representation of solid, middle-class Americanism, as embodied in mother-love, and family joy and sorrow, the prejudices of her people are sentimentalized along with everything else, resulting in some moments, here and there, which would probably be downright offensive to anyone with a proper sense of what middle-class Americanism ought to be.

There is no indication that Miss Conway meant to do much more than to devotedly record her chronicle, or that her thesis, as it emerges, was intended to wander into any realm broader than that of motherly affection and courage. And it seems to me that it would have been well, in a novel which is, basically, neither original nor artful, to have pointed with less pride and more apprehension.

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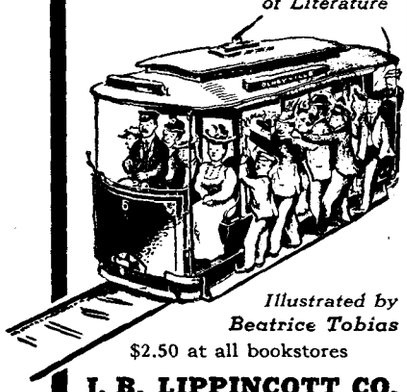

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WORLD AFFAIRS

(*Continued from page 22*)

an economic structure that will last for generations.

The author of "The Philippine Story" is the son of a former United States Minister to Albania. He handled public relations for President Manuel Quezon and later for President Sergio Osmeña in Washington as well as Manila. His book covers not only the current Philippine troubles; it is an excellent short history, a sound study of the economy, an appraisal of the United States record, and a crackling, impassioned discussion of the collaboration issue.

After relating the record of Manual A. Roxas in considerable detail Mr. Bernstein concludes that the President was a collaborator who got away with it because of his friendship for General MacArthur and members of the General's staff who were wealthy and politically potent in the Philippines. It is a debatable conclusion, especially when Mr. Bernstein goes so far as to compare Mr. Roxas with the late Pierre Laval. This reviewer, who lived in Vichy during the Laval period and in Manila during the Roxas election period, can testify that there was—at least—one immense difference. In the minds of the ordinary Frenchmen there was no question that M. Laval was a collaborator and a *salaud*. In the minds of a considerable number of Filipinos Mr. Roxas was a protector and champion against the Japanese.

Mr. Roxas's record is not pure and he is certainly an opportunist. But the fact is that the Filipinos, who were occupied, regarded collaboration differently from the Americans who were not. Aside from the genuine guerrillas—who are the real Filipino heroes—any Filipino who survived collaborated to some extent in order to live. They are consequently less harsh in their judgments and more ready to forgive than Americans. The proof is the paradox noted by Mr. Bernstein: "The only practical alternative to Manuel Roxas, in terms of political popularity, is the man who hates America, the erstwhile president of the puppet Republic of the Philippines—José P. Laurel."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DETOUR TO OBLIVION *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Valuable N. Y. art collection vanishes without trace, also curator. Jane Hatch's missing Gauguin puts investigator husband Cy on corpse littered trail.	Violent action in Manhattan gallery and Bucks Co. farm keeps story spinning rapidly. Background and people interesting—if slightly over-talky.	Good enough
HONOUR AMONG THIEVES *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Unimportant London robbery strangely interests lawyer Josh Clunk who leads police to solution of major crime and sundry slayings.	Clunk canny as ever and amusingly hypocritical. Jig-saw puzzle plot has its moments but putting together gets rather tedious.	B—Grade Bailey
SO EVIL MY LOVE *Joseph Shearing* (Harpers: $2.50)	Missionary's widow visits rich London girl friend and straightway slips into morass of blackmail, murder—and inevitable retribution.	Pompously horrible Victorian atmosphere limned with unerring artistry, and protagonist's downfall described in mordant and terrifying fashion.	Brilliant
ONCE UPON A CRIME *Robert Selman* (Mill: $2.50)	Hold-up slaying of N. Y. radio - actor's favorite bar-keeper starts thespian and cops on trail of more murders and villainy.	Blithe, amative, chance-taking hero - narrator cavorts happily through plentifully exciting scenes, with docile police helping in final mass round-up.	Lively
DEPARTURE DELAYED *Will Oursler* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Ex-Ranger sergeant comes out of amnesia in N. Y. subway and finds himself complete wrong-'un. He investigates his alter ego.	Roy Marshall's trailing of wicked "Mr. Wilson" and his murderous friends is swift, exciting, and consistently credible—except at end.	High-grade thriller

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NEW EDITIONS

ONE OF the most important new editions of recent years comes to us from the University of Toronto Press. It is important because it makes available a work which is a classic in its field, and one that has been almost unobtainable; a work whose title is known to everyone, but whose contents have of late been known only at second-hand to all but a few readers: William Godwin's "Enquiry Concerning Political Justice and Its Influence on Morals and Happiness."

This three-volume edition, prepared by F. E. L. Priestley, is the product of a scholarship which is at once exact and full. Two volumes consist of a photographic facsimile of the third and best edition of "Political Justice" (1798), while the other volume holds a remarkably fine introduction, critical notes, variant readings from the editions of 1793 and 1796, and a bibliography.

In his introduction Mr. Priestley provides a learned and acute study of Godwin's ideas, philosophical sources, influence, and later modifications of opinion. His position in relation to the English utilitarians, the English Platonists, and the French group consisting of Helvétius, d'Holbach, Mably, and Rousseau, is carefully scrutinized; and the result of the whole study is proof that some earlier readers of Godwin have misunderstood and misplaced their author. But an examination of Mr. Priestley's success in defining, more accurately than his predecessors, "Godwin's place in the pattern of eighteenth-century thought" must be left to the scholarly journals.

"Political Justice" should be read today because its author was concerned with a problem which is now in the forefront of those that plague us: the relation of the individual and the state. Under what form of government, he asked, could man lead the most virtuous and happy life? And his radical answer was that really good men would need no institutional government at all; that, although we must admit government at present as a temporary evil, we should "admit as little of it as possible," and bend our efforts towards its ultimate elimination. Godwin placed his faith in reason and education. The knowledge of truth must lead, he thought, to right behavior; to a social order in which self-regulation and rational benevolence would be the pattern and spring of action. But he foresaw no quick triumph of human reason. The way would be long. As Mr. Priestley says, Leslie Stephen grossly misrepresented Godwin when he declared that the moralist believed in "the speedy revelation of a new Jerusalem, four-square and perfect in its plan." Godwin was a gradualist. He abhored precipitancy, and was convinced that "nothing interferes more with rational progress than a popular conviction of a right to make violent changes."

It may be argued that the past century and a half of history has so blasted his hopes, so stultified his thought, that his famous book is now only a museum piece. But this argument ignores the fact that Godwin's analysis of governmental forms was shrewd, and that his kind of thinking is very much alive; that he has his kin in everyone who talks of what man "might become," if only given an opportunity. All perfectionists, of whatever breed, must build on a common base of belief in man's educability. To understand certain foundations of their thinking, we can do no better than to consult "Political Justice."

Pendleton Herring's "The Politics of Democracy" (Rinehart, $2) is an illuminating study of one form of government in action in the United States; the form which Godwin considered the least reprehensible, but at best only a temporary expedient. . . . In connection with the reprint of Frank Norris's "The Octopus" (Doubleday, $3), let me recommend Malcolm Cowley's excellent essay on the American Naturalists, which appears in the summer issue of *The Kenyon Review*. . . . John Erskine's "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75) remains entertaining after twenty years of life; and Mary Jane Ward's "The Snake Pit" (Random House, $1.49), only a year or so old, remains horrifying. . . . Thorne Smith's tale of metamorphosis, "Turnabout" (Pocket, 25¢), is ribald, rough, ingenious, and uproariously funny. Another Pocket Book, "The Lucky Stiff," by Craig Rice, is one of the best mysteries that have lately come my way. It has an original idea, believe it or not, excitingly developed. . . . And add to Penguin Books (25¢) the inimitable "Cartoons" of Steinberg. BEN RAY REDMAN.

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BELLES LETTRES

(Continued from page 13)

for Barrie nearly always spoke rather than wrote—cannot fail to enjoy the exquisite phrasing, the gay courtesy of phrase after phrase: and no one can do other than acknowledge that, in all the letters, a man of courage, generosity, and extraordinary kindness is betrayed, modestly, accidentally, as it were.

At the moment Barrie's reputation, like George Meredith's, is under a cloud: it would be false to say they are judged and despised—they are just not read. It is to be hoped that this volume, so revealing of a character at once tender and robust, of a talent exquisite and individual, may make a new audience. Given a fair chance, Barrie's fantasy and sentiment, Barrie's excursions into the uneasy should not be distasteful to a generation that enjoys Thurber and Bemelmans. There must, by the way, be many more letters: and I trust we shall soon have a second volume.

Art and Theocentrism

JACOB'S NIGHT. By Wallace Fowlie. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1947. 114 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by JEREMY INGALLS

THE THEME of "Jacob's Night" is the renewal of civilization through the wrestling with the angel, a wrestling which involves both injury and redemption. The first essay studies Péguy and the spiritual renaissance in France. The three following essays comprehend a spiritual rebirth leading outward from France to a crucial transformation implicit in the whole of Western civilization.

Two outstanding gifts distinguish Wallace Fowlie as a critic. First, in the Bergsonian sense he understands "duration," the curve which is both art and philosophy and which marks a configuration in time. He extends his earlier perception of "clowns and angels," key images in the age of anxiety and transformation. He can chart major coherences uniting so long a catalogue as: Péguy, Bergson, Cocteau, Chirico, Jung, Mauriac, Rouault, Bloy, Goya, Baudelaire, Dostoievsky, Lautréamont, Sartre, Camus, Kafka, Joyce, Proust, Marcel, Maritain, Psichari, Gide, St. John Perse, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Crane, and Eliot.

His second gift is his reduction of multiple details to key symbols and categories. Fowlie's successors will be his debtors. They will borrow and debate his key signs: Péguy seen through Antigone; Rouault, through Marchenoir; Maritain, in the figure of the suppliant. Fowlie has ordered various current critical speculations under his succinct category of the three myths: *immoderate tension* or sense of imprisonment; *voyage* as expulsion from Eden; *innocency* as the "lucidity and the childlike impertinences" by which the poet expresses "the illumined conscience of his period . . . a destiny infinitely greater than his personal destiny."

A number of his definitions range out at once beyond their initial application. For example: "between the suppliant and the one supplicated, it is not the latter, but rather the suppliant who holds the exalted position." His basic judgment resides in: "Logic of the form has no value if separated from the spiritual intent of the work." His key perception is: "Their art does not paint Christ directly, but it is profoundly religious."

Maritain characterizes Thomas Aquinas as a theocentric humanist. Fowlie extends the term to Maritain. It is also applicable to Fowlie himself. His range of vision saves him many stumbles. Several other critics dimly recognize the theocentric pole of art in our times. If they can approximate Fowlie's sources of perception and can also observe the contemporary significance of both Roman Catholic humanism and such Protestant concepts as Paul Tillich's "theonomous society," they will not only reappraise the past fifty years but also turn upon a number of works of the 1940's more discerning eyes.

Jeremy Ingalls, well-known Western poet, is author of "The Metaphysical Sword," "Tahl," and "Symbols for These Times" in "Torchbearers' Chapbooks No. 55."

To an Editor Somewhile Dead

By I. L. Salomon

THE hulk of this man belied the squeal
of his piping voice like a run-down wheel

as he lay on the bier with his senses stopped
and a cross precariously propped

in his foolish hands. The large abdomen
to all appearances was human;

yet his face was not of this world or the next,
but in-between like a life unsexed;

not a man's or a woman's, but something stained
by circumstance, for it appertained

to the living disinherited
and not yet acceptable to the dead.

The paid-for chapel, the collected purse,
the hired preacher, the rented hearse

were part of the meretricious lie
he abhorred but made a living by,

editing topical rhymes as savor
the unregenerative flavor

of dear old ladies who *oh* and *ah*
at sentimental ephemera.

Brought down to this! A man who had known
star-fire in his heart was not yet stone!

At one o'clock two men came in
from the newspaper office where he had been

interred for years. They paid the fee
to ease him into eternity;

and at one fifteen they went right back
and gave his job to another hack.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
MOZART, SYMPHONY IN D, K. 133 (#20). Vox Chamber Orch. Fendler. Vox 171 (2 *plastic*) $5.25	Intimate recording of small ensemble. Good except for total lack of highs—and on vinylite too! Why?	*A*— (some crackles)	An attractive, not overly important work, first recording. Playing is good; could be more accurate, inspired.
SCHUMANN, SONATA IN F, Op. 14 ("CONCERTO WITHOUT ORCHESTRA"). Leonard Shure, piano. Vox 189 (3) $4.20	Rather tinny resonance but not unpleasant: it seems to suit this music somehow. Surface noise interferes.	B+	Another fine Schumann addition, one of his few large-form piano works, unlike his collections of small pieces. Perform. good, not tops.
DEBUSSY, SONATA #3 (1917). Zino Francescatti, violin. Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia X 280 (2) $3	Wide range, lots of highs in vl. Balance has vl. almost too weak, a bit thin. Music sounds muddy in some spots.	A—	A French team supplements older album by Hungarians. Francescatti not at his best, Casadesus on cold side; I prefer greater life of older set, even if perhaps it's a bit "a la Hongroise!" Both are good jobs.
Comparison: Joseph Szigeti, Andor Foldes. Columbia X 242 (2) $3	No highs, weaker lows in this pre-war job. Violin is closer, stronger. Music seems clearer.	B+	
CHANSONS, Lily Pons; orch. conducted by Kostelanetz, Abravanel. Columbia M 689 (3) $4	Somewhat muffled over-all effect, partly for musical reasons. Surface noise seems bothersome.	B+	These orchestral arrangements of classic French songs destroy the delicate values of original piano accpts., substitute a gross and rhythmless impressionism.

AMPLIFIER III

(*Continued from* SRL *Aug. 23*)

A GOOD phonograph amplifier should operate "class A," as it is put technically. In that state high power output is sacrificed in favor of greater accuracy; the tubes are kept within the most accurate portion of their range instead of being driven to their utmost. Many "P.A." amplifiers compromise on this point for greater power output.

The finest type of amplifier usually combines two farther features. One, to allow greater power reserve, is the use of a pair of tubes (often the powerful 6L6G beam power tubes) in the final amplifying stage, acting as a team in what is accurately called *push-pull*. The two work electrically in opposite directions on either side of the speaker circuit, not as the double-headed *push-me-pull-you* of Dr. Doolittle in our childhood story books, but rather as two men work at a two-man saw! This feature in itself does not add quality, but providing greater power reserve allows for other quality features that tend to cut down on power.

The most vital feature of all, which should figure in every decent phonograph amplifier circuit, is *inverse* (*negative*) *feedback*. This is an ingenious circuit, extremely simple, which feeds a part of the output of an amplifier back into the beginning, the input—in reverse or upside down. The gratifying effect of this is to cancel out distortions that arise *within* the amplifier while allowing the original sound to be accurately amplified without hindrance. Almost too good to be true; but the inevitable hitch is that feedback cuts down the final power considerably. Clearly, then, it's not likely to be found on a cheap, quick-power amplifier! Feedback plus class-A operation give two reasons why fine amplifiers are less powerful than cheap ones of comparable size. (A really fancy job may use feedback as a check in each of its separate sections on stages as well as over-all feed-back, at a rather large loss of power.) Feedback can be added (with some power loss) at the cost of a resistor or two and a bit of solder and wire.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

WOODLAND HARVEST

THIS is the time of that old content,
When a boy his steps to the harvest bent,

Where the squirrels scold and the jay-bird screams,
Disturbing the Indian Summer's dreams;

Where the leaves are crisped to a golden brown,
And the hickory nuts come pelting down.

Past are the dog-days and swimming-hole,
Idle the bat and the fishing-pole;

Sweet is the wild crab, wild plum, but
There is nothing to equal the hickory nut,

Shag-bark and shell-bark, woodland grown,
Husk-sealed for a flavor all its own;

Fruit of a tough, tenacious stock;
As American as the Plymouth Rock.

I should prize once more to foot the trail
For the tryst of sack and cudgel and flail,

With Red and Fatty and Hank and Slim,
And gather the spoil of the frosted limb.

Homeward to trudge with the bulging pack
Weighting each wearied pilgrim's back.

Toothsome provender to be stored
Like the thrifty squirrel's winter hoard;

Warrant of savory joys replete
With many a fireside crunchy treat.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

* * *

What I consider an event in American editing is the publication as the lead article in *Harper's Magazine* for September of Henry Steel Commager's "Who is Loyal to America?" After the high tide of Congressional balderdash, hysterical snarling, and shouting through the august halls of the Capitol; after all the feverish ranting and quarter-baked pronouncements of the gutter press; the pusillanimity of educators, and the temporary triumph of mumbo-jumbo, at last a real American has been heard from, speaking for sanity and ordinary intelligence, and reminding us of what this country really represents.

I have long thought that it would be a good thing to make obligatory a special course for those entering Congress, to teach them at least the fundamentals of American history, of world history, of sociology, of economics, of philosophy, and of elementary religion. Meanwhile Mr. Commager, one of our most enlightened historians, speaks for the principles I had always thought and believed animated the United States of America. For even a few years ago I was actually living in such a fool's paradise that I didn't know that some people had to pay in order to vote! I thought everybody in the United States had the right to vote as the Constitution provided!

You can purchase a copy of Mr. Commager's article, a superb one, by sending fifteen cents to *Harper's Magazine*, Department G, 49 East 33 Street, New York 16, N. Y., and I sincerely hope that every reader of *The Saturday Review of Literature* will buy a bunch of them and distribute them where they will do the most good. At first I thought of quoting from the article, but you really ought to read it *in toto*. The other day a woman friend of ours who has been working in the State Department, and is certainly no radical, spoke to us of the outrage she felt concerning the indiscriminate "firings" in Washington of people accused of disloyalty, without allowing them the ordinary civil rights of knowing the accusation against them or of being able to defend themselves.

I have been reading a good deal about Russia as a slave state, but the beginnings of slave-statism are now obvious in this country, and I hate the signs. Freedom of speech and freedom of religion are becoming merely theoretical. The right to be agnostic or atheist if one pleased, the right to hold any political doctrine one earnestly felt was the most rational, the right to develop one's intellect according to one's own taste, to be a mature and reasoning individual, to be independent—not one of a cowed and frightened herd—these used to be *sine qua nons* for any American. But if we are now going to become a regimented, militaristic, police state; if we are now going to adopt the totalitarian features of the countries we have just conquered in the great names of liberty and democracy, then let us know about it at once and realize what we are in for! If an American may not ponder Karl Marx, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Thoreau, Tom Paine, Robert Ingersoll, Henry George, or Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger," without being hauled up before the Committee on Un-American Activities and clapped into jail, let us know that now. Let Congress compile an Index Expurgatorius of what we shall read or not read. Let them devise a catechism for loyal Americans which shall include kneeling toward the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers every morning; let all our actions and affiliations be supervised by the FBI.

I used to think that America was a land where one could breathe deep, indulge in plenty of criticism, stretch one's arms and one's mind with plenty of elbow-room, go one's way without warnings from narrow-minded bigots, or thug-minded politicians. Well, it seems to me that we can keep it that way, if we still forcibly object to being forced to subscribe to some petty legislator's moronic creed. All the star-spangled flapdoodle in the world isn't worth one sage, enlightened sentence in the writings of Justice Holmes, in the speeches of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt or Senator Norris. If we wish to make this country great, it lies in our own spirits, in our own consciences so to do. It won't be done through big newspaper spreads paid for by our enormous corporations blatting of a free enterprise of which they know nothing and which they do everything in their power to suppress. It won't be done by the biggest Washington lobbying in our history on the part of the vested interests. It won't be done through the blatant power of money, the greed of industrialists, or the venality of public servants. It *will* be done by speaking "out in meeting," speaking the faith that is in us, speaking even harsh criticism of the sins and blunders of those who rule our country, a country where—as my brother thought—every one's dream has a right to grow, every crazy notion has a right to be heard, every man can stand up on his hind legs and speak his piece. May our country always be like that. May it always rise triumphant over its shabby politics, its corrupt misleaders, its moral cowards, and its mental degenerates! May honest Americans always be able to walk abroad like free men!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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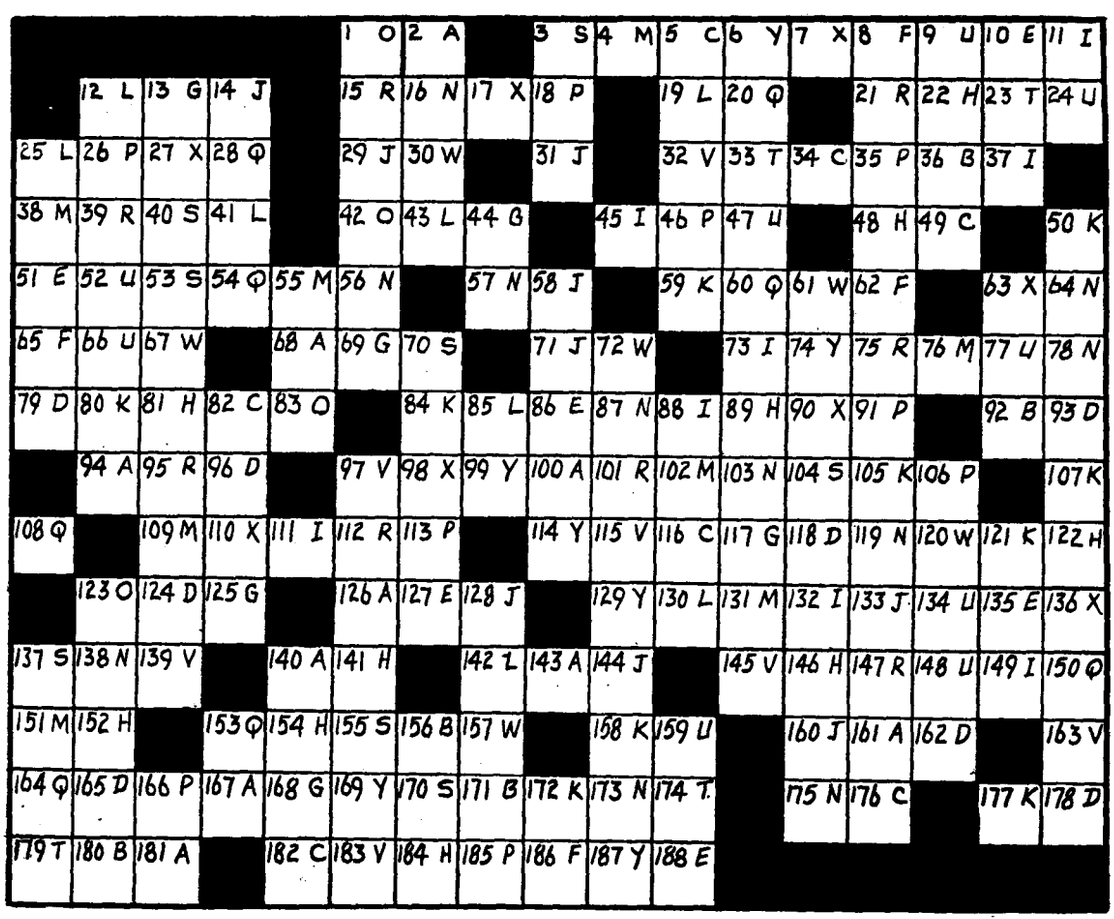
S. Pottery dishes for a single portion of baked food.	155 40 170 104 53 137 70 3
T. Practical units of electrical resistance.	23 33 179 174
U. German university that gave Edward Everett his Ph.D., the first American.	24 159 47 66 77 52 134 148 9
V. The surviving few who preserve the traditions of culture.	163 183 145 115 97 139 32
W. Qualification of the word "hen" to denote a quail.	72 120 157 61 30 67
X. Noted group song from the opera "Lucia d'Lammermoor."	27 17 110 7 90 136 98 63
Y. Machines for feeding fires.	129 99 74 114 169 187 6

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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